New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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A Society for People
4-page feature

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The Politics of Old Age

FEW voters are interested in the actuarial details or the social implications of a national pension plan. They ask, quite simply, how much they will have to pay, how much they will get, and whether a new scheme leaves their existing rights secure. On all three points the government's proposals will give them a superficially attractive answer. The contributions are to be modest, they will eventually provide for some pensions to rise to £6 a week, and the rights acquired by the six million employees in private schemes will be left undisturbed. Mr Boyd-Carpenter is cheerfully bidding for the votes of those who do not wish to pay more and those who are already in a more privileged position.

This is an ingenious idea, but it has produced a thoroughly unsatisfactory scheme, which solves none of the problems which led the Labour Party to propose a radical change in pension policy. And there is a good reason for this. The primary purpose of the government's plan is to put National Insurance 'on a sounder footing', that is to allow the well-to-do to opt out of it and to reduce its cost to the Exchequer.

Of course, the popularity of the Labour plan has helped persuade the Tories that graduated pensions may be a good vote-winning idea. But the White Paper says flatly that the flat-rate Beveridge scheme has been abandoned for financial reasons. As flat-rate contributions are limited to the amount that the lower-paid worker can afford, the increasing cost of flat-rate pensions can be met only by an increasing Exchequer grant—a notional 'deficit' which by 1980 might reach £428 millions a year. The new plan, by raising the contributions of those earning between £9 and £15 a week, permits the government to freeze the Exchequer grant at £170 millions a year; and so a diminishing proportion of the pension fund will be found from taxation. In short, the income-tax payer is to be relieved of the 'burden' of providing pensions for the poorer worker.

This is not the only reason why the government's claim to be offering 'a measure of wage-related pension' for those left out of private schemes is fraudulent. Its proposals do provide a very slight increase for one section of the population. But how large is this group? It excludes the self-employed. The majority of women, whose average earnings are well below £9 a week, are to be left out. And the lower-paid and casual workers—the people for whom private schemes do not cater—will also have to be satisfied with the minimum pension.

While the government will try to buy popularity by telling the skilled worker that under the Labour scheme he would have to pay more, most workers who are worried about their old age can see that, under this scheme, they will pay in for 40 years and still face a 70 per cent. drop in income when they retire. And the professional employee, before he is panicked by Tory suggestions that Labour will deprive him of the advantages of a private scheme, should note that the government proposals, unlike the Labour plan, do not ensure that he can transfer his pension rights from one job to another.

This is a mean scheme, not least because it does nothing for the existing pensioner or for those who will retire in a few years. True, the White Paper hints that pensions may be raised again. If prices rise, they must be. But whenever this happens it will upset the whole scheme, for the cost of that increase would have to be met either by another rise in contributions, or by a larger Treasury grant.

The Labour plan is both superior in benefits and socially more just. Labour not only offers pensions which increasingly and more rapidly approach half-pay, a built-in provision for rising incomes, life cover, and a bias in favour of the older and lower-paid worker. Its proposals spring from a different concept of social morality—a point that is made admirably clear in a special supplement we publish this week by Mr Peter Townsend, one of the principal authors of the Labour scheme. The problem of old age is not merely a matter of actuary's tables: it is a problem of the security and happiness of old people. The real indictment of the government's scheme is that it does nothing to diminish the gap between those who can look after themselves, and those who are obliged to depend on the rest of the community for protection—not against actual starvation, for both parties agree on that, but against loneliness and wretchedness in old age.

Comments on the Week's News

De Gaulle Moves Left

The Cabinet meetings at which the new French electoral law was decided, writes our Paris Correspondent, were far more acrimonious than those which drew up the new constitution. This was not surprising, for the vast 'Gaullist coalition' cannot possibly survive the elections of 23 November, and the type of electoral system chosen is bound to favour one or the other wing. In the end, de Gaulle intervened decisively on the side of what might be called the traditional Republican parties. By opting for the single-member constituency, with two ballots, he will effectively prevent Soustelle's new authoritarian formation from sweeping the board, and allow the Socialists, Radicals and classical Right to maintain their positions. The MRP and the Communists, both of whom benefit from PR, will lose heavily; so will the new Gaullist party, which may well chalk up a large total vote, but will be prevented from securing a corresponding number of seats by local alliances between the old professional politicians. De Gaulle's firm orders to the authorities in Algeria are also being hailed as a triumph for the Mollet wing. If they are fully obeyed, they will, in effect, prevent General Massu and his colonels from taking part in the election and allow the resumption of normal political activity in Algeria – including press criticism. The prompt military resignations from the Public Safety Committees should not be taken as a conclusive sign that all de Gaulle's instructions will be obeyed – the immediate threat by the *colons* of a general strike shows how explosive the situation is. Will the Communist Party, which is illegal in Algeria, be allowed to campaign? Can opposition papers, suppressed by local ordinance, resume publication? Will metropolitan papers be allowed unrestricted entry? How will the regime be able to distinguish between 'non-violent' Nationalists, who are to be allowed to stand, and active members of the FLN? The validity of de Gaulle's republican re-conquest of Algeria will depend on the answers to these questions. However, our Correspondent reports that persistent rumours are circulating in Paris that de Gaulle is already in touch with the FLN leaders; that his instructions to General Salan were sent at their request as long ago as 9 October, and published this week as a sign of de Gaulle's good faith; that his object is to persuade the FLN to endorse Muslim candidates at the elections; and that to achieve this he is determined to effect a cease-fire before polling day. Certainly, the tone of Mr Ferhat Abbas's last statement indicates that he is willing to meet the General at least half-way.

Labour and the Archbishop

As we stated in a leading article last week, though considerable responsibility for the present chaos in Cyprus rests on the government for its obstinacy in pressing ahead with the doomed 'co-partnership plan', the best chance of a *détente* would be an unequivocal condemnation of terrorism by the Greek-Cypriot leadership. Though the exact relation between Archbishop Makarios and Eoka is obscure, it is certainly within the Archbishop's power to secure a temporary truce. In view of this, his ambiguous statement earlier this week is totally unsatisfactory; while the continuation of terrorist acts makes any real progress in the Nato talks unlikely. It is not sufficiently appreciated, either by the Greek government or the Archbishop himself, that recent Eoka acts have produced a marked closing of ranks in British opinion; that individual Labour spokesmen are jeopardising their political careers by supporting Greek-Cypriot claims; and that the Labour Party as a whole risks electoral disaster by opposing government policy at a time when British troops, and their families, are being murdered. While progressive opinion in this country appreciates the magnitude of the concession involved in the renunciation of Enosis, no political dividends can be expected so long as Eoka is given its head. By public announcement, or by private instruction, Makarios must now use all his prestige and authority to insist that Eoka killings cease. The way would then be clear for negotiations on a self-government scheme: and in this the Greek-Cypriots would have the united support not only of the Labour Party but of all liberal opinion in Britain.

Treason Trial Collapse

Those who expect the South African government to display any sign of shame at the collapse of the Treason Trial will be disappointed. After weeks of constant hammering by counsel for the defence, Oswald Pirow, leading Crown counsel, had no option but to withdraw the indictment or see his case utterly defeated. It is still not certain whether a new indictment will be drawn up, and, in the meantime, the 91 defendants, who have been under the shadow of the trial for 20 months, remain on bail. Perhaps the South African government would have liked to show their own supporters and the world that some gigantic Communist plot was being hatched by those who oppose racialism. If so, they have failed in the eyes of the world outside. They have, however, achieved what was probably their main aim, which was not so much to convict the defendants as to remove them from public life, use them as whipping boys to frighten the white electorate, and threaten every South African of any colour that opposition to established racialism will lead to extreme victimisation.

Bourguiba in Peril

This week's breaking off of diplomatic relations between Tunisia and the United Arab Republic makes it almost certain that Tunisia will now leave the Arab League. Her decision to join was reluctantly undertaken, under the pressure of Morocco, and the first act of the Tunisian delegate was to ask the UAR to desist from interfering in Tunisia's internal affairs under Article VIII of the League's charter. This provoked a UAR walk-out and subsequently a unanimous vote condemning Tunisia. The breach between Cairo and Tunis has been widening since April 1956, when Cairo gave asylum to Salah Ben Yussef, the one-time secretary of Bourguiba's Neo-Destour Party, who fled from Tunisia after a plot to assassinate Bourguiba was uncovered, and who has since been condemned to death by the Tunisian High Court. Despite repeated requests from Tunis, and abundant evidence that Ben Yussef is continuing his activities from Cairo, the UAR has refused to extradite him, and in March this year Bourguiba threatened to break off diplomatic relations. Now that the breach has actually occurred, it could have serious repercussions. In the first place it will increase Bourguiba's isolation and weaken his internal position. Nationalist opposition to his government is growing, particularly since his recent decision to suppress the weekly *Action*, with which his old friend and colleague Masmoudi was associated. Secondly, it will make his relations with the FLN – whose troops on Tunisian territory almost certainly outnumber the Tunisian security forces – even more acrimonious. Last month, the newly formed Algerian government planned to move its Cabinet-office from Cairo to Tunisia. Mr Ferhat Abbas, the premier, has now hurriedly returned from Tunis to Cairo, presumably to countermand the move. His growing difficulties with Bourguiba may explain the FLN's offer to France last week for a cease-fire to be followed by negotiations. Certainly, there is no evidence that it springs from a deterioration in the FLN's military position: the latest communiqués, covering the ten-day period 25 September to 4 October, list a total of 1,420 French troops killed in action.

Favourable Balances

The trade and balance payments figures for the first half of 1958, announced this week, are indeed remarkable; for never before during the present century has Great Britain shown a favourable balance on visible trade alone – that is, any excess of exports over imports – which is indeed an anomalous position for a developed capitalist country. For these six months, however, there was not only a favourable balance of £137 m. on the visible items, but also nearly £200 m. to the good on invisible items, making a total favourable balance of £334 m. on current account – or a favourable balance of £448 m. for the full year from July 1957 to July 1958. These favourable balances, incidentally, make possible a rise of £287 m. in the sterling area's gold and dollar holdings during the first six months of the year. What, however, do these figures really mean? First, they show how groundless was last year's crisis, which was due to speculative influences and not to any real crisis in the balance of payments. Secondly, it shows how very hard the countries producing primary commodities have been hit by the recession, which has brought the prices of their exports down at a headlong pace and has caused many of them serious balance of payments troubles. So far most of these countries have maintained their imports from Great Britain at a high level in spite of the decline in their producing power; but they clearly cannot go on doing this indefinitely, or cannot do so unless there is a recovery in the prices of the goods they have to sell. Thus a very favourable British balance of payments is by no means all to the good. In so far as it connotes serious troubles for the more indigent countries, we clearly ought to use a large part of our current balance for helping these countries to carry out their development plans.

Tito Seeks a Truce

Marshal Tito's offer of a truce in the war of words with his Communist neighbours may be the first sign that the wind from the east has shifted a point or two; Yugoslavia has always been the most sensitive, though not the most trustworthy, weathervane of Communist policy. On the face of things, there is no reason why the Yugoslavs should now switch to a more moderate line. The Bulgarians and Albanians have been making trouble about minorities and frontiers

in Macedonia, and the Yugoslavs have returned blow for blow in the propaganda campaign directed against them from Moscow and Peking. Yet Tito now offers to silence Yugoslav criticism of the Communist bloc if his neighbours will call off their attacks on Yugoslavia and once again establish 'good relations' on the basis of 'non-interference'. Clearly something has happened which has led him to believe that such an offer will at least be seriously considered. The delivery of Soviet grain supplies—which were originally cut off as part of the pressure on Belgrade—is not in itself enough to account for this new attitude: but the Soviet decision to send the grain may be a public token of second thoughts in Moscow, which have been privately communicated to Tito. Until there has been some response or rebuff from Moscow, we may only speculate about this new development. But it is linked to another line of speculation. What accounts for the sudden silence of Mr Krushchev, after the two alarmist notes despatched to Washington? He is, it seems, still in the Crimea, quietly receiving Soviet and foreign notables, and presumably preparing for the party congress to be held in the New Year. But what part has he played in moderating Peking's tough line over Quemoy? Has he, indeed, been in direct touch once more with Mao? Has there been a serious disagreement about policy, or a joint decision to send the bloc off on a somewhat different tack? We do not know, but Marshal Tito's speech at Zenica suggests that at least an echo of top-level discussion in Russia has reached Yugoslavia in recent weeks.

Punishing Children

Mr Butler's Blackpool references to flogging and birching have been variously reported and interpreted, but it seems probable that, after having resolutely rejected the conference motion which called for the restoration of the cat, what he said about juveniles was that 'the cane is more appropriate when used by someone closely connected, like the teacher or the parent'. (More appropriate than the birch? Or more appropriate in the hands of teachers and parents than in those of jailers at juvenile courts?) It was the Englishman's habitual insistence on defining in formal legal terms what he is privately rather ashamed of that put the corporal punishment of children on the Statute Book. Section 1 of the Children and Young Persons Act, 1933, which penalises assaults on children, expressly preserves the 'right of any parent, teacher, or other person having the lawful control or charge of a child or young person to administer punishment to him'. Foreign lawyers sometimes express astonishment and even horror at this callous and very English enactment, even though they come from countries (like France and Belgium) where canes and tawses are openly sold in the village shops. We all knock children about in our own way, but no one talks about it so much as an Englishman.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

The Young Ninth Man

With the Supreme Court's role in the American scheme of things being openly challenged for the first time in generations, the selection of a new Justice is marked by more than the normal interest in such appointments. One of the preoccupations of Congress in its recent session was legislation to 'curb the Court', as though it were some sort of bucking bronco. When that effort failed, by an alarmingly narrow margin, it was believed that disappointed Senators would make up for it by trying to block the confirmation of future nominees suspected of sharing the present Justices' view of their constitutional duty.

In the circumstances President Eisenhower's choice of Potter Stewart to succeed the retiring Justice Burton appears to be adroit and well calculated. A young and relatively unknown Judge of the Court of Appeals, Potter Stewart will come to the Senate for confirmation under the sponsorship of Senator Bricker of Ohio, a man who would have felt happily at home in the cabinet of Calvin Coolidge. At the same time, liberal lawyers have quietly noted that in the only segregation case to come before him on the appellate bench, the Justice-designate took the view that, regardless of the spirit of the community, an Ohio school board had no choice under the law but to admit Negro children to its hitherto chaste classrooms. Moreover, in several civil liberties cases, he had sided with the underdog against the majesty of the lower courts, and his opinions are looked upon in the profession as models of legal writing. Not much to go on, perhaps, for a Supreme Court appointment, but if it unites the conservative Republicans in the Senate with the northern Democrats, Judge Stewart will be confirmed, no matter how great the suspicion of the South.

One of the fascinating phenomena of American political science, however, is the complete unpredictability of appointees to the Supreme Court. There is something about the institution itself, and perhaps about the prospect of a lifetime's freedom from material and political concerns, that seems to work a chemical change, causing some Justices to lean over backward to divest themselves of predilections and others to alter their views in an extreme way. Thus Justice Frankfurter, once looked upon by the Peglers of the day as a behind-the-scenes manipulator of the New Deal, became a 'moderate' and a 'centrist' almost immediately after donning the black robe. Few remember, on the other hand, that Chief Justice Warren, now an almost historic symbol of racial equality, was the prime mover in having Japanese-American citizens bodily removed from their West Coast homes during the war and interned in camps—not on legal charges but solely on the ground of racial unreliability. It is extremely improbable that the Earl Warren of 1958 would sanction the activity of the Earl Warren of 1942.

An irony of this institutional effect of the Court on its members is that some of the most liberal of the Justices have been the appointees of conservative Presidents—and vice versa. Thus Hoover's gift to the Court, and the country, was the great Justice Cardozo, and Coolidge appointed the eminent Chief Justice Stone. Aside from Brandeis, on the other hand, Wilson picked two duds, one of whom turned into a fierce reactionary; and Truman appointed a thoroughly undistinguished trio, including Tom Clark, who is now regarded as one of the Court's right-wing minority. It may well turn out to be one of Eisenhower's chief accomplishments as President that he picked good judges when good judges were much in need.

ROBERT BENDINER

Bonn

Anglo-German Relations

Our Correspondent in Bonn writes: President Theodor Heuss's coming official visit to London will be the first that the head of the German state has made for over half a century. Since it will probably be followed in 1959 by Queen Elizabeth's visit to the Federal Republic, it is not surprising that the German press should be writing about 'a fundamental change in Anglo-German relations'.

Professor Heuss has been head of the Federal Republic for the past nine years. Since only two terms are allowed by the constitution, it is generally assumed that he will be retiring in 1959. He has little political power and his name is not known abroad like that of Chancellor Adenauer. But Heuss has done much to win prestige for his office and to consolidate national life. In his original speech of acceptance, he declared it to be his primary task 'to influence his countrymen to bring into politics that moderation and high sense of individual freedom which would be a safe defence against any new dictatorship'. Fifty years in the service of liberal humanism, as writer, teacher, politician and elder statesman, have gone to the making of this man who is 'Papa Heuss' to so many of his countrymen, and 'Philosopher Heuss' to those who read his uncompromising speeches against intolerance in any form. It is no accident that one of his three days in England should be spent in Oxford.

The President's visit is a ceremonial one. Last week the British Premier paid a different sort of visit to Bonn. There was no ceremonial about that. It was, as he said, for renewing personal contacts and discussing with Chancellor Adenauer the general world situation today. It can be truthfully stated that their talks were about matters of mutual concern rather than about any which separated them fundamentally. One important issue was undoubtedly that of the future of Europe, especially as envisaged by de Gaulle. For few diplomats believe that only so little happened, when Adenauer paid his visit to Colombey-les-deux-Eglises, as has since become known.

But whether Mr Macmillan has succeeded in getting the Federal Republic to take any initiative in matters which vitally affect Britain remains to be seen. As for the Free Trade Area, West Germany is strongly for the extension of the Common Market, and the overcoming of French objections. That is, however, not the same as saying that Dr Adenauer is prepared to make strong representation to his neighbour on this subject. Franco-German co-operation is a plant on which the Chancellor has concentrated too much attention to risk its being withered by any forceful winds! Theoretically, both Macmillan and Adenauer undoubtedly reaffirmed their belief in the necessity for a four-power commission to deal with reunification and European security. But there is little to show that Adenauer has any intention of supporting an Eden or a Rapacki Plan, or any variant of this for central Europe. The Germans see in such a development great advantages for Britain. For Germany, however, they consider it would mean the abandonment of all hopes of reunification and the consolidation of the present frontiers between the two German states. At the same time, it must be added, that the present disagreements between government and opposition on what should be done to speed up reunification does not suggest that the West Germans themselves know how next to move in this matter.

Outer Space

Brave Pioneer

Ritchie Calder writes: The US Pioneer rocket may have failed in its mission to circumnavigate the moon but no scientist or engineer anywhere will underestimate its real achievement. Even the reasons for its failure are experimentally valuable and the information which it relayed back, from its first incursion into space until it burnt out on re-entry to the earth's atmosphere, was probably more useful than the television pictures which it might, or might not, have sent back from the far side of the moon.

Instead of recriminations, an examination: At 8.42 GMT on 11 October, this first moon probe was launched. It consisted of a three-stage rocket, plus a retro-rocket. The first stage was a Thor, a military IRBM, and the second and third stages were modifications of the Vanguard rocket which had a civil ancestry. The third stage was intended to circle the moon, with the necessary transmitting gear, but it had attached a fourth stage – the retro-rocket – designed to discharge in the opposite direction and thus act as a brake. The triggering of the 'brake' was to be operated by remote control from the station on Hawaii.

To overcome the gravitation of the earth, it had to have an escape velocity (provided by liquid propellants) of 23,870 miles per hour. As it turned out, Pioneer fell short of this velocity by about 500 mph. The reason for this (and for the fact that it missed the directional range of the moon) was probably that it rose too steeply. This may have been due to the fact that the first-stage rockets went on firing just a few minutes too long. Anyway the steepness reduced the speed and diverted the course, so that at 80,000 miles it was clearly 'off beam' and therefore unlikely to pass within 50,000 miles of the moon. This made circumnavigation impossible because that depended on the 'probe' being transferred to, and caught by, the gravitational forces of the moon. To enable it to be so captured, the intention had been to apply the brakes by firing the retro-rocket by remote control.

When it was off beam, there were speculations as to whether, riding high, wide and handsome, it would not go on until it was lost in space (Jodrell Bank would not have lost it at once, for it was claimed that the radio-telescope could follow it for a million miles). This, as events proved, was foolish speculation, because with its deficient speed, the Pioneer was still hostage to earth's gravity. Even without the operation of the retro-rocket, which, apparently, did not react to remote control, it began to fall and return to earth. To understand why, it is necessary only to remember that the moon itself is held in its orbit by earth's gravity.

Before the space-wanderer returned, however, it had contrived to send back some useful information. For instance it was found that the radiation belt was pretty strong but only up to about 6,000 miles. This radiation (at the speed of a rocket taking only a few minutes to pass through it) is low enough to ensure that living things would survive the transit of the belt. Again, it 'reported back' that micrometeorites, which had been regarded as a hazard to space travellers, were, as far as the probe travelled, very slight indeed. The third factor to be measured was the magnetic field, but the records obtained of that will need much more analysis.

Fleet Street

Rough Treatment

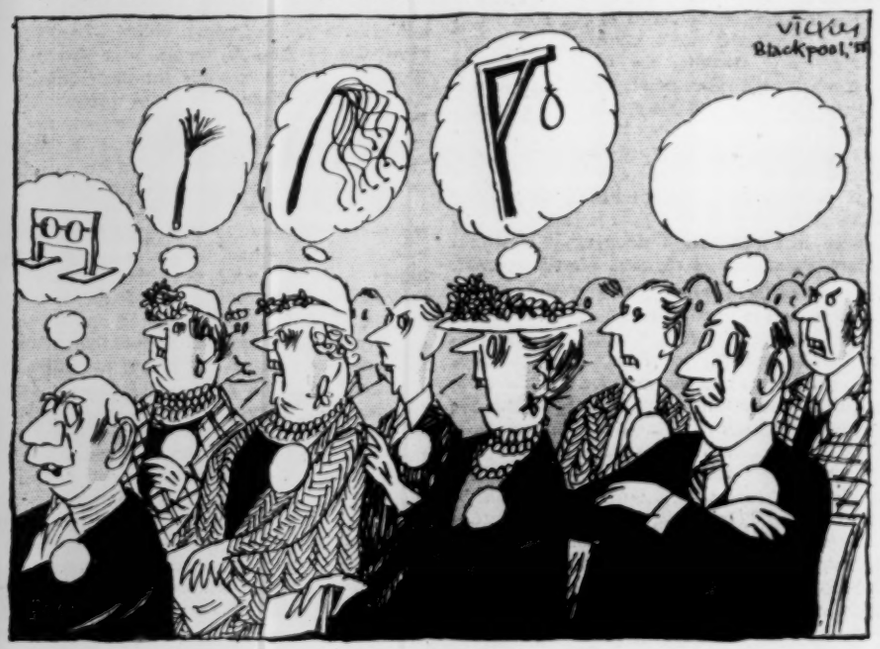
When is a row not news? Peculiarly enough, so far as the *Sunday* and *Daily Express* and one or two other papers are concerned, it would seem to be when it takes place at a gathering addressed by the Prime Minister. This is especially odd since hecklers at a meeting addressed by the Leader of the Opposition a week or two before rated big headlines in all of them. Even odder when one considers the wide publicity the incident received through the television cameras.

The light thrown by this episode on standards of reporting currently operative in different newspaper offices is revealing. On Sunday the *Observer* reported the affair at length on its front page under double column headlines: 'Premier cheered After Scene: Hecklers Roughly Handled'. It reported that one League of Empire Loyalist who interrupted Macmillan was 'dragged from the floor, being punched and manhandled on the way' and that the arms of another youth 'were pinioned by those sitting on either side of him, and when this had been done a man sitting immediately in front of him turned round and punched him repeatedly in the face'. The *Sunday Times* reported the interruptions in the body of its front-page story of the Prime Minister's speech, but without headlining them and without giving any details of the violent methods that were used. The *Empire News* ('Furious Tories Rout Loyalists') and *Reynolds* ('Hecklers Punched By Tory Chuckers-Out') also carried stories: sufficient of a cross-section of the press, it would seem, to indicate that what had happened made the grade on newsworthiness irrespective of politics. But the *Sunday Express* had no mention of what had happened. Nor for that matter did the *Sunday Dispatch*, or the *News of the World*.

By Monday the *Manchester Guardian* still considered that what had happened – and particularly, of course, what all impartial reports made clear had been the excessive brutality used against the interrupters – was worth a long report, and the *News Chronicle* considered it worth a three-column front-page story. The *Guardian* story was headlined 'Empire Loyalists Roughly Handled'. The *Guardian* correspondent reported the incident he himself most closely observed in these terms: 'He (the interrupter) was pinioned, gagged by hand and his head was held by the hair. He was defenceless. At this point a middle-aged woman in the audience rose from her seat and slapped him in the face. The youth was then hustled out of the hall'. The *News Chronicle's* report was even fuller. Headed 'A Few Disgraceful Minutes', it recorded: 'Six members of the League of Empire Loyalists who tried to interrupt the Prime Minister were removed from the hall with a ruthless efficiency that had nothing in common with British traditions and of a kind that had not been seen in this country since the pre-war clashes between the alien creeds of Communism and Fascism'. The *News Chronicle's* correspondent, Douglas Brown, concluded: 'It is a new and disturbing phenomenon when one of the great parties – the government party – countenances hooliganism by its representatives. Lord Hailsham . . . sat complacently and at one point smiled. Mr R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, who is so concerned about the growth of violence, appeared unperturbed. The ladies on the platform watched unmoved'.

Mr Brown found only one honourable explanation of the platform's attitude – that the television flood lights made it difficult for them to see. It would be interesting to know whether the *Daily Express* reporter suffered from a similar honourable disadvantage. Whatever the explanation, no report of any kind on these scenes appeared in the *Daily Express*. It did not even, as the *Mail* did, report it on an inside page, with a pat on the back for the Prime Minister: 'Don't Be So Rough, said Macmillan'. Nor down column at the end of the Prime Minister's speech, as *The Times* did. Nor even at the back of the paper, like the *Telegraph*. Neither the *Telegraph* nor the *Mail* attempted, in fact, to minimise what had happened in any way. Only the *Daily Express* and the *Sketch* – which it must be said does not usually err in this way – kept it from their readers. News suppression seems a favourite *Express* habit these days. It also managed on the same day to exclude completely from its pages the fact that Paul Robeson had sung at St Paul's Cathedral on the Sunday in aid of the South African Treason Trial Fund. And for good measure it also left out any report of the result of this treason trial on the Tuesday. When Arthur Christiansen was editing the paper his instruction to his staff was: 'There is nothing like news for a newspaper'.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS



The First to Go

PAKISTAN can claim the unenviable distinction of being the first independent member of the British Commonwealth to have abandoned the form of parliamentary democracy for a military dictatorship. The fact that the *coup d'état* executed by Generals Mirza and Ayub Khan has so far been bloodless in no way alters its basic character. It cannot be denied that the reaction of the Pakistani public, who have for long been the dumb victims of official corruption and incompetence, has so far been friendly. People have welcomed the immediate benefits which have flowed from the comparative efficiency of the army machine. The price of consumer goods has fallen, foodstuffs in the shops have become more plentiful, the streets are better policed, and government offices have become accessible to ordinary citizens without bribery. These are the short-range gains and they are what the illiterate mass of Pakistanis can see and understand after ten days of dictatorship.

But there is no reason to think that martial law will be adequate to solve successfully the deep-seated social problems of Pakistan – any more than the accession of General Neguib solved the problems of Egypt. Still less should it be assumed, in the first flush of public relief, that the impact of dictatorial government will in the long run be popular, or liberal, or even reformist. It is a significant portent that, among those arrested in the last week, has been Maulana Bhashani, perhaps the most genuinely progressive figure yet to manifest himself in the Pakistan parliamentary system. It is noteworthy, indeed, that parliamentary democracy in Pakistan has been wound up only four months before the first general election was due to be held – an election, which under the influence of Bhashani, might well have signalled substantial changes in the existing political line-up.

The sequence of events which lies behind the coup is long and complex. General Mirza has never made any secret of his contempt for the politicians, though he has never shrunk himself from making full use of the political practices he condemns. It is a common view in Pakistan – as, indeed, in some other countries – that most of the politicians deserve to be stoned: but it is hardly for General Mirza to cast the stones. For the political instability he now deplores he must bear a considerable share of responsibility. With no answerability to the electorate, he has been able to manœuvre between the political parties with complete immunity, playing off one faction against the other. He has proved himself so shrewd that he could outwit not only the simple-minded Pathan leader, Abdul Ghaffar Khan, but even such an astute operator as Suhrawardy. If blame for the present crisis should be shared by General Mirza himself and by all the political parties, the immediate responsibility should perhaps rest on Suhrawardy who, in an effort to retrieve his fortunes, overplayed his hand. To redress the precarious position of his Awami League ministry in East Pakistan (which led to the affray in the Provincial Assembly three weeks ago), Suhrawardy deliberately promoted instability at the Centre, hoping to be able to use the consequent confusion to climb back to power. Instead he gave General Mirza his chance.

It is likely that Generals Mirza and Ayub Khan had been planning some sort of a coup ever since the Iraq revolution. It is in any case certain that events in Pakistan are in some degree related to what happened in Iraq. Trends towards a more independent and neutralist foreign policy have been steadily gaining ground inside all the political parties, including even the Muslim League. The emphasis in the public statements which have been made since the coup on the continuance of the existing foreign policy are In this context highly significant. Moreover, there have been indications that new trends of thought have begun to appear in the middle ranks of the army; and the *coup* of the generals, who represent the army Establishment, should be regarded as a victory over the iconoclasts in the army as well as over the politicians.

The pity of it all is that Pakistan, in 11 years of independence, has been unable to evolve a progressive middle-class leadership which could have formed the basis of a stable political system. The present military regime has neither roots nor, in all likelihood, the ability to strike roots. The speeches of the two generals suggest that they have no coherent or constructive political ideas, and no purpose other than to go on indefinitely exercising the power they hold. In talking about the failure of democracy in Pakistan, they talk through their brass hats. The truth is not that democracy has failed: they never gave it a chance.

Rule Like Pigs

MORE than any other town in England, what matters in Blackpool is people: the vast, vulgar, guzzling, uproarious hordes which swarm in annually from the great industrial towns of the north and the midlands. Without people, Blackpool is just an obscene shell of desolate boarding-houses and shuttered arcades, an abandoned, ransacked ghost-town waiting for the miracle of Spring. So I found it last week. The Big Dipper was still. Montmartre in Blackpool ('The Show They Tried to Close') was locked-up and silent; so was The Strangest Girl in the World ('It Was All Her Father's Fault'). Along the gigantic promenade a bitter wind whipped up discarded ice-cream papers and the relics of funny hats. At the end of the deserted North Pier, a handful of old men and boys fished pessimistically into an angry sea. 'It's no use', said one of the old men philosophically, 'they've all gone' – as if the fish, too, abandoned Blackpool with the October gales.

But weren't the Tories there? Of course: 10,000 of them, including camp followers; not enough to fill Blackpool, but enough to make it seem inhabited, one would have thought. And yet the ghosts remained unexorcised: in some curious way, the Tory militants, though undoubtedly human beings, are not people. This may seem a perverse remark. The Tories claim to be a national party, above sectional interests, and in a sense they are right. Many millions of Britons, from retired sergeant majors to frail widows living on £2 10s. a week, vote Tory because they think they are voting for England. Tory delegates, when they claim to speak for their country, are not trying to kid anyone, least of all themselves.

During the last ten years, too, the upper-class impedimenta – 'the second magnum and the third cigar, the chauffeur kept waiting at the door till dawn', as Evelyn Waugh put it – have been swept away, or at any rate tidied out of sight. I saw only one Rolls last week, and not a single Brigade tie. True, the platform is still unmistakably Old Etonian, with more than a hint of strawberry leaves (its solitary trade unionist looked as if he had contracted out not merely of the political levy, but of life itself). But in the great body of the hall, it is possible to explore all the myriad ramifications of the British middle class: near-gentry and near-proletarians, provincial barristers with strange accents, military gents with limps acquired in India and the East, bumptious young men from LSE and the anonymous regiment of the minor public schools, young girls training to be air hostesses and gym mistresses, matrons in hand-knitted cardigans, clutching huge, bursting handbags – even a Tory teddy-boy, with Brando cut, check drapes and an exquisite pale-blue tie. Not a party of wealth or privilege, by any means.

But a cross-section of England? Only in a strictly limited sense. The Tory militants offer an image of England, but it is a distorted one: an image of our prejudices and our atavisms, our unreasoning acceptance of unproved truths, because they are comfortable and established, our dislike of controversy, our unwillingness to ask questions when we know the answers may be unpleasant – all the factors which militate against independent intellectual inquiry. Conservatism, in fact, is an authoritarian church of platitudes, a party of proverbs. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child', 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush', 'More haste, less speed' – such maxims, which seem incontrovertible until one begins to think about them, evoked roars of approval last week. Indeed, a lady delegate even coined a new one: 'A flogging today may save a hanging tomorrow' – and this went down well, too. This is England, of course, but it is only part of England: the English id, magnified out of all proportion, dominating the whole. The Tories, in short, are atrophied Englishmen, lacking certain moral and intellectual reflexes. They are recognisable, homely – even, on occasions, endearing – but liable to turn very nasty at short notice.

Now the Tory leadership knows this perfectly well, and they are getting some pretty shrewd advice from the Berkeley Square publicity experts on how to handle the problem. Sailing serenely towards their third election victory, they must at all cost make people forget that they still carry a flick-knife. Last week, the Tory catchword was 'civilised'. 'The British,' Lord Hailsham intoned, 'are a highly civilised and very sophisticated people, and we are a very British party.' This being the slogan, the debates required a good deal of stage-managing to make it seem true. Knowing that the old beast had to roar sometime, the platform skilfully threw a few tasty, but safe, morsels into the cage. There was a good howl over Iceland, a screech for Mrs Castle, an ovation for our boys in Cyprus. The flogging debate posed a problem, but the platform dealt with it in masterful fashion. It was pared down to an hour, fixed for a time when most of the nice, savage old ladies are thinking of tea and crumpets, introduced by a singularly dull and dim delegate, and concluded by Mr Butler with such skill that the hall gave him an ovation for his harmless suggestion that, if more corporal punishment were needed, then perhaps it had better be administered by parents.

And, to let off the remaining steam, on Saturday morning Hailsham treated the conference to the most accomplished piece of oratorical demagogy since Nasser's Suez Canal speech, which brought delegates roaring to their feet, but which was confined throughout to such harmless objectives as 'storming the robber castle of Socialism' – whatever that may mean. By lunchtime, with the special trains already lined up at Blackpool

Central, and with only Harold's ovation to come, the party managers were breathing well-earned sighs of relief.

But, as they should have known, the flick-knives had to come out sometime; and it happened at the worst possible moment. As the clock ticked towards two, the Winter Gardens filled to bursting, and Reg Dixon at the organ regaled the happy, relaxed delegates with tunes from an age when the Union Jack really mattered: *Daisy, Daisy, If You Were the Only Girl in the World,* and *Pack Up Your Troubles.* The Tories, indeed, had already packed up their bags and were waiting only for the ritual genuflection to the leader. The choice greenery and chintz which once separated platform from delegates had been removed, and there sat all the assistant masters beaming benignly, with Dame Florence Elliot, the matron, suitably playing the fool. Promptly, as the clock struck two, the head arrived, the whole school rose and caps were flung high.

Then it happened. As conquering Harold rose to speak, there came a first blast of the trumpet from the gallery, and the old, familiar battle cry of the League of Empire Loyalists. The sheer caddishness of letting off a stink bomb on speech day froze the audience with horror; ample bosoms and manly chests heaved with indignation as the scoundrel was dragged off. By the time the second interruption came, horror had turned to fury: a group of delegates held the intruder's arms while a military gent smashed his fist in his face. The third was flung over his seat, had his face kicked and was dragged out moaning. Another – a middle-aged woman – was punched in the chest and hauled along by the hair by delegates who, 48 hours before, had shouted their indignation at attacks on defenceless women. Yet another was dragged, screaming for the police, behind locked doors and detained for some minutes: his bloodstains spotted the stairs. The Old Adam, the secret little Tory hobgoblin, had come out with a vengeance.

In that disturbing little play, *Live Like Pigs,* the author subtly hints that what makes the respectable council estate tenants fear and hate the awful family which has moved in among them is their unconscious realisation that the Sawney family exhibits, in a vastly magnified form, all the degrading instincts which they themselves possess. The Sawneys personify, and finally unleash, the forces of anarchy lying dormant around them. When the outraged housewives storm their house, Col Sawney, peering through the keyhole at the oncoming horde, cries out in fear: 'They're not people, they're bloody *animals!*' Last Saturday, the political Sawneys exposed Conservative civilisation for the shabby and dangerous myth that it is. And afterwards, a battered Loyalist, still trembling with shock, told me: 'Communists, Socialists, Liberals – they're nothing by comparison. Them Tories, they're bloody *savages!*'

I left the Winter Gardens as soon as possible, and came upon a scene of strange transformation. While we had been listening to Hailsham and Macmillan, great convoys of coaches had been steadily streaming into Blackpool from all points of the compass, bringing with them joyful, earthy battalions from Stoke and Oldham, from Manchester, Liverpool and Sheffield, from St Helens and Bradford. The Golden Mile was lit up, the pin-tables whirred, Montmartre in Paris was packed, the piers blazed, the Strangest Girl was revealing her charms again. They were only half-day trippers up to see the illuminations, but they were people. As the Tory trains steamed magisterially away, Blackpool came alive again.

Blackpool. PAUL JOHNSON

London Diary

I SUPPOSE it is part of the process of growing old to persuade oneself that nothing really changes. Anyway, it is always comforting to me to find intimations long ago of present follies and envisaged catastrophes. When the cross-bow was first invented a statement from the Vatican suggested that it was inconceivable that so cruel a weapon would ever actually be used. Whether a march was organised to its place of manufacture I do not know. On Sunday I was reading Gibbon's account of his time at Oxford – 'As a Gentleman-Commoner I was sometimes admitted to the society of the fellows, and fondly expected that some questions of literature would be the amusing and instructive topics of their discourse. Their conversation stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal stories and private scandal; their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth.' Apart from the fact that the politics are not nowadays invariably Tory, this perfectly conveys my own occasional impression of high-tables and senior common rooms.

* * *

Scarborough I went to, Blackpool I watched on television. Such occasions, I decided, are more real on the television screen than in the flesh – or rather their unreality is better expressed by means of a transmitted image than by actual men and women. In television, nothing is, or can be, real. Therefore, it is a perfect instrument for conveying unreality – which is, no doubt, the explanation of its enormous appeal. Its slogan should be: 'All the stage's a world.' I liked the background faces on the platform at Blackpool – so completely type-set that one wondered if they had just been painted in as a back-drop, and then, by some ingenious device, made to seem to applaud, laugh and otherwise express their appreciation. And the jokes! You could hear them coming, fluttering their leaden, sinewy wings. 'Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,' Mr Macmillan began, and then: 'We've had the mists.' A pause. It was coming, laboriously winging its way. 'And now the fruitfulness!' The audience exploded into paroxysms of uncontrollable mirth. When television was first invented I thought it would be necessary for politicians, like Greek actors, to use masks. Now I see that this has proved quite unnecessary.

* * *

Mr Crossman, I notice, has remarked that the Conservative Party are 'selling Mr Macmillan as though he were a detergent.' How right he is! Many willing hands and voices are eagerly engaged in the task. We have the tiny crofter's cottage in which his grandfather was born; the elegant, heavily moustached young man marrying the Duke of Devonshire's daughter; the earnest politician appalled by the depression, and sternly determined, like Edward VIII, that something should be done, and so on. The story writes itself. And yet who, even two years ago, could have foreseen that this rather aloof, slightly ridiculous, decidedly intelligent and amusing Edwardian figure could be transformed into one of the authentic Welfare State Fathers? As the transformation proceeds, I note a fleeting resemblance to his fellow-Scotsman, Ramsay MacDonald. He has not – at any rate, so far – achieved MacDonald's majestic incoherence; he does not, alas, refer to us as his frrriends; but there is something about his manner of arbitrarily emphasising a word or a phrase, about the use of his hands, and his considered amiability, which faintly recalls his astonishing predecessor who saved the country in 1931.

* * *

The Powell sedition case looks like being heard at last before a federal jury in San Francisco. I know nothing more about this case than has appeared in the newspapers – namely that Powell himself, former editor of the Shanghai *China Weekly Review,* his wife and Julian Schuman, who was one of his associate-editors, are being charged under a Sedition Act of 1917 on account of reports and comments they published at the time of the Korean War and subsequent truce negotiations. A curious feature of the case is the long interval of time which was allowed to elapse before the charge was brought. Arranging facilities for defence counsel to get to China to collect evidence has proved extremely complicated, and even then no power of subpoena could be granted. Nor will the US government's confidential reports on the matters at issue be made available. In such circumstances, the task of the federal jury will be difficult indeed. Apart altogether, however, from questions of procedure, surely freedom of the press is jeopardised if editors are required by law to print only the official version of their government's policy and actions. If such were the case in this country, a good many editors would have laid themselves open to charges of sedition over Suez, as now over Cyprus. Powell, I am sure, published some monstrous nonsense about, for instance, the use of germ-warfare in Korea. All the same, if he is convicted, yet another step will have been taken in the process of banking down the free expression of opinion in the US.

* * *

When I was in Little Rock recently, I went to see Governor Faubus. This is not at all difficult. He runs press conferences almost round the clock, and is never so happy as when pencils are scribbling and cameras are turning on his behalf. Actually, he is a more interesting and complicated figure than might be supposed – a smiling, rather elegant, sharp man, with an air of having got on in the world, and of being decidedly pleased with himself. His origins were humble, and he went to a college which in the high-tide of McCarthyism was considered to be ideologically unsound. This brought him a certain amount of opprobrium, and made him for a while quite a hero among Arkansas liberals – as they now ruefully recall. Some of his earlier propensities remain with him still, and doubtless contribute to his present popularity. For instance, he raised the pay of the teachers. On segregation he has no strong personal feelings. He almost winks at one when the subject is mentioned. It has just been a means of getting himself elected governor three times, with a good chance of ultimately replacing Senator Fulbright in the Senate. I was amused to find him as unlike the 'southern gentleman' of novels and films as Disraeli was unlike the English Conservatives he so astutely led and provided with a reason for existing.

* * *

Reports of the American space rocket, Pioneer, made it seem in the end a living organism. One came to feel that it veered from its course, turned back, and so on, of its own volition. This impression was heightened by descriptions of how the rocket had been carefully sterilised to prevent it from infecting the moon if it happened to get that far. It would never do to let Pioneer, like previous travellers, be a carrier of disagreeable diseases. The prospect of space travel has served to project materialism into the universe; but if and as it comes to be realised, the universe will still be, essentially, as mysterious as ever. I have

always thought that a basic division among human beings is between those preoccupied with the question 'How' and those preoccupied with the question 'Why.' This is a great 'How' age. But 'Why' remains unanswered, and will doubtless in due course again claim attention.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

It is about time the Hartlepools Arts Association realised its duty, to provide some entertaining plays for the local audience. It is not long since 'Look Back in Anger' was presented locally. This abusive play, with its half-dressed cast, was not at all suitable for the family audience. Monday night's 'Romeo and Juliet' was about an underage love affair, and included murder and suicide. I am tired of this violence—*Northern Daily Mail.* (Lisbeth Furek.)

As one third-year undergraduate remarked, 'If Oxford's taught me nothing else, it has taught me to prefer a silver salt cellar that doesn't pour to a plastic one that does'. There might be two opinions about the usefulness of this lesson but it is one which lies very close to the heart of Oxford and Cambridge education.—*Time and Tide.* (C. E. Durant.)

'I think the problem is clear now. Ann has to understand that 75 per cent. of my life must be taken up with my career, whereas 75 per cent. of her life is naturally taken up with me.'—Pop singer reported in *Daily Mirror.* (Paul Lewis.)

To the Moon

'KEEPING THE MOON PURE–GUARD AGAINST CONTAMINATION' (*Manchester Guardian* headlines)

What brave conceit shall prink my passion
And find new lilts for ancient lyres?
The Moon, so old and out of fashion,
Once more the Lyric Muse inspires;
The purity of chaste Diana
Even the Sputnik-boys admit
And sterilise each greasy spanna–
Who ever would have dreamed of it?

Celestial, eternal Virgin
Of unpolluted silver crust,
The horrors of a Russian purgin'
Must not contaminate your dust!
May Yankee rockets also miss you
By fifty thousand miles or more,
Lest–like Quemoy–you're made an 'issue'
By Dulles, burning for a war.

Then never let us be besmirching
Your reputation with the sight
Of frenzied Tory women, birching,
In craters of a satellite;
Such Bacchic orgies, crude and frantic,
We know you loathe–and scorn as well
The Beaver Jive, the clownish antic
Of Hailsham and his idiot bell.

A Cypriot fate (or botched abortion)
Is offered you by Lennox-Boyd,
And Heaven knows what strange contortion
By Suez-snivelling Selwyn Lloyd;
Earth-bound let all our sordid factions
With our bacteria abide:
Princesse lointaine, may your attractions
Pull us no nearer than the tide!

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Pattern of Crime

THE real pattern of crime in this country is now very much as it was before the war, when it was unattractive but less publicised (there were fewer criminologists, too). It is a larger pattern–the population is larger; we talk about it more; and we try harder to change it. Because we *are* more serious and inquiring, the phrase 'known to the police', at one time a serio-comic description of a class of persons, has now been applied to their ascertained or reported crimes, and it is the basis of the annual *Criminal Statistics* issued by the Home Office.

In the volume just issued* you can read that among the 130,920 people who committed the 545,562 indictable offences (i.e., those triable by jury) which became 'known to the police' last year, 19,830 were less than 17 years old. This is 15 per cent. Almost exactly the same proportion were between 17 and 21 years of age (there were 19,021 of them); and 25,277 were under 14–another 19 per cent. So that 49 per cent. of all the indictable offences (this leaves out the whole range of erring motorists, predominantly adult) were people under 21. Far too many young offenders, committing too much of the crime; but isn't it what you would expect? Would there not be something more strikingly wrong with a society in which most of the crime was the work of ageing citizens? It is surely relevant, too, that during the past century the age of onset of puberty of both girls and boys has advanced by about five years, and that, according to current medical opinion, about 18 months of this change is accounted for by the period since 1938–the datum year in the *Criminal Statistics* for purposes of comparison.

But now consider what it is that (rightly enough) we are worried about–namely, the ages of the offenders responsible for what the Home Office, in a memorandum accompanying the *Statistics,* calls the 'rising trend in the total number of indictable offences "known to the police" that began in 1955, continued during 1956, and continued steeply throughout 1957'. This is what the memorandum says:

> The total for 1957 was 4 per cent. higher than at the previous peak in 1951, and 14 per cent. higher than in 1945. Judging by the statistics of convictions the increase in crime was much more rapid among juveniles over 14, and young men and women, than among younger children and older men and women.

'Juveniles over 14' means those between 14 and 17. What are the increases in this group, taking the past three years and the year 1938? The accompanying table shows the percentages, grouped according to ages, of all the people found guilty in those four years:

Age	*1938*	*1955*	*1956*	*1957*
8 to 14	19.9	19.1	19.2	19.3
14 to 17	16.0	13.9	14.2	15.2
17 to 21	14.4	12.2	13.1	14.3
21 to 30	20.8	21.2	21.5	21.0
30 and over	28.7	33.6	32.0	30.0

I shrink from such tabulations, I find them indigestible, and I know that most official 'behaviour' statistics–like the Ministry of Transport's on the part played by alcohol in the causation of traffic accidents and bad driving–leave it wide open for you to go on believing what you like. But there is in this instance no other way of showing that what we are discussing, and what all the anxiety is about, is a *one per cent.* increase in the share of last year's crime attributable to children from 14 to 17 years of age, and about the same increase for adolescents from 17 to 21; while the actual increase which they shared was one of about 13.7 per cent. over 1956. The 'rising trend' is not, moreover, continuous: there have been and will be fluctuations. And when the total falls again, every serious student of the problem must be ready to discount the inevitable claims that this or that innovation or crime-prevention method has succeeded or is succeeding.

What may be more significant than the 13 per cent. *total* rise in indictable offences is the fact that, among the percentage increases of people found guilty on the graver charges, 28 per cent. were for robbery, 25 per cent. for breaking and entering, and 18 per cent. for 'violence to the person'. These, again, are mainly young men's crimes; and the real question is whether the apparent increase in their frequency of commission (it may be statistical only) represents a phase in the lives of all growing boys or is the mark of a specially wicked generation of them. Certainly it is possible to convince oneself, statistically, that those with 1935-1940 birthdays have behaved, all through school and adolescence, rather worse than their immediate seniors and juniors. But when you come to consider whether these are continuing their badness into adulthood, you at once encounter the fact that the proportion of over-thirties convicted has been falling steadily for years. (In doing so, you have to allow for the fact that they are going to prison for longer stretches.)

It is with such figures in mind, and not in contemplation of any local calendar of crime, that the statistician must regard such pronouncements as that made recently by the Chairman of Middlesex Sessions. 'At these Sessions during the last few months', he said, 'a vast proportion of the calendar is made up of young offenders.' Surely it must always have been so? I studied the Old Bailey Sessions Calendars for about 20 years, and found always that the under-thirties (I was specially concerned with those not eligible for 'preventive detention') accounted for about 80 per cent. of the prisoners for trial. What is always so difficult to understand–and even to believe–about these and all other crime figures is their constancy throughout the years. It is this, rather than any fluctuation, that should call forth the astonishment and despair of the pundits. It shows itself again in the murder rate for 1957, which is roughly the same as for any of the past 50 years despite the new factors introduced by the Homicide Act of 1957. This figure is nearly always 140 to 150. In 1956, without the Homicide Act, it was 145. In 1957, with the new Act in force from 21 March onwards and the death penalty abolished for most kinds of murder, it was 142.

And yet, every now and then, the reactionary idea gains ground that all the most hopeful and progressive methods of dealing with offenders–probation, open prisons, 'pre-release leave', psychiatric treatment, developments in prison education–are proved unsuccessful either by 'the figures' or by the ability of some of our sterner publicists to see, by the light of nature, what is concealed from us. However, there is one disclosure that I should like to turn these loose on: last year only 146 people were convicted for 'playing games in street'. Twenty years ago the figure was 1,306. I am not being entirely flippant in describing this as a magnificent decrease. It will serve as a reminder that crime is predominantly a weakness of those who fail to grow up, and that what we need most to seek is not something called 'the causes of crime', but the reasons why about one in every 200 of us remains a child.

C. H. ROLPH

* *Cmd.* 529. HMSO. 8s.

What History Teaches

WHAT would have been the situation today had the British government in 1921 yielded to the demands of the so-called 'Irish people', and granted to the 'Irish Free State' a form of autonomy leading, swiftly and ineluctably, to independence?

The question is by no means academic. Once again we are faced with difficulties—it is not too strong a word—in one of our island possessions. Once again the natives, Cypriot in this case, have failed to measure up to their responsibilities towards our bold, imaginative plans for their present and future; and once again British statesmen—even men of the intellectual and moral stature of Mr Macmillan and Mr Lennox-Boyd—are being criticised as if the ruin and bloodshed resulting from a policy implied some flaw in the policy itself.

In such circumstances, the lessons of history can inspire and strengthen our purpose. The Society for Para-historical Studies is to be commended for its enterprise in issuing at this moment its Discussion Group Document No. 666 on the Irish Question. It is, as the Document notes, easy enough to see how disastrous to the welfare of Britain, and hence of the world, would have been the emergence of an independent Irish Republic having under its jurisdiction no less than 26 of the island's 32 counties. Strategic considerations alone suffice to show the whole conception as one of criminal lunacy.

No reasonable person can doubt that, by the middle of 1940, and probably earlier, the Germans—by invitation or otherwise—would have invaded the country. The idea of neutrality or 'neutralism' has no viability in modern conditions. The belief that a small nation, spending only a derisory fraction of its income on armaments, could maintain its neutrality inviolate for more than a few months would be ludicrous, were it not tragic, and were not similar illusory beliefs still cherished in certain circles in Europe and even Britain.

Britain, with her ill-equipped and undertrained forces, would have been compelled to undertake a counter-invasion. The Irish Republic would rapidly have been reduced to the condition of a devastated battleground. It would have been too late then for the Irish leaders to bemoan the withdrawal of the essentially friendly British garrisons in 1922. We should not, of course, have lost the war, for that is not our way; but many American lives might have been needlessly lost in the struggle for Ireland. Even those who regretted the necessities imposed upon Ireland by her strategic situation, could not but acknowledge that our duties and responsibilities as a world power made it morally impossible for us to surrender to the claims of the Dublin junta. Yet there are those who would have us hand over Cyprus to the Cypriots before knowing exactly what is going to happen in the Middle East during the next 20 years.

Nor would the catastrophe—for the Irish no less than for ourselves—have been confined to the sphere of strategy alone. Though historical textbooks have made a bravely sustained attempt to do so, it cannot be too often repeated that extremism breeds extremism, and that revolutions devour their children. Does anyone seriously suppose that such men as, for example, Eamon De Valera would long have survived the storm they had so rashly provoked?

Strengthened by the evidence of British weakness, the revolutionary and the gunman would wield supreme power in Dublin today. Unrestrained by British bayonets, the peasantry would have seized the land. Encouraged by reckless leaders to believe that small farms were uneconomic, they might by this time quite possibly have established some dangerous type of collective farming in place of the healthily large estates of English or loyal Irish landowners. We know how close and sympathetic were the relations existing, in the years immediately after the Russian revolution of 1917, between the Soviet and Irish leaders. Who can doubt that by now an 'independent' Irish Republic would have become, willy-nilly, a pawn of the Kremlin.

The loss of prestige alone entailed in a British withdrawal from Dublin in 1922 would have provided fatal encouragement to revolutionaries and other enemies of our way of life everywhere. Nor would there have been any hope that 'cultural links' with Britain or the United States could be adequate to stop the rot in Ireland. For, on gaining their independence, the Irish would enthusiastically have resumed the use of their own language as their normal means of communication. They would thus, to a considerable extent, have cut themselves off from the civilising influences of British or American films, of the BBC and of commercial television.

In the face of all this, it is, as Document 666 points out, wellnigh incredible that there should have been, in 1921, voices raised in Britain against the continued occupation of southern Ireland, and in favour of some kind of treaty with the rebels—even though these latter had put themselves beyond the pale by their use of armed force against the British military. Not only did organs of the lunatic fringe, such as the *Manchester Guardian*, carry on a campaign in which they did not scruple to accuse of terrorism sorely tried British soldiers who were only fulfilling their duty to kill, wound or imprison the recalcitrant Irish. Highly placed prelates of the Church of England joined in the carping criticisms. Even King George V—evidently misled by crypto-radicals among his advisers—was reputed to have asked Mr Lloyd George 'How much longer do you propose to go on shooting my Irish subjects?'

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What History Teaches

WHAT would have been the situation today had the British government in 1921 yielded to the demands of the so-called 'Irish people', and granted to the 'Irish Free State' a form of autonomy leading, swiftly and ineluctably, to independence?

The question is by no means academic. Once again we are faced with difficulties—it is not too strong a word—in one of our island possessions. Once again the natives, Cypriot in this case, have failed to measure up to their responsibilities towards our bold, imaginative plans for their present and future; and once again British statesmen—even men of the intellectual and moral stature of Mr Macmillan and Mr Lennox-Boyd—are being criticised as if the ruin and bloodshed resulting from a policy implied some flaw in the policy itself.

In such circumstances, the lessons of history can inspire and strengthen our purpose. The Society for Para-historical Studies is to be commended for its enterprise in issuing at this moment its Discussion Group Document No. 666 on the Irish Question. It is, as the Document notes, easy enough to see how disastrous to the welfare of Britain, and hence of the world, would have been the emergence of an independent Irish Republic having under its jurisdiction no less than 26 of the island's 32 counties. Strategic considerations alone suffice to show the whole conception as one of criminal lunacy.

No reasonable person can doubt that, by the middle of 1940, and probably earlier, the Germans—by invitation or otherwise—would have invaded the country. The idea of neutrality or 'neutralism' has no viability in modern conditions. The belief that a small nation, spending only a derisory fraction of its income on armaments, could maintain its neutrality inviolate for more than a few months would be ludicrous, were it not tragic, and were not similar illusory beliefs still cherished in certain circles in Europe and even Britain.

Britain, with her ill-equipped and undertrained forces, would have been compelled to undertake a counter-invasion. The Irish Republic would rapidly have been reduced to the condition of a devastated battleground. It would have been too late then for the Irish leaders to bemoan the withdrawal of the essentially friendly British garrisons in 1922. We should not, of course, have lost the war, for that is not our way; but many American lives might have been needlessly lost in the struggle for Ireland. Even those who regretted the necessities imposed upon Ireland by her strategic situation, could not but acknowledge that our duties and responsibilities as a world power made it morally impossible for us to surrender to the claims of the Dublin junta. Yet there are those who would have us hand over Cyprus to the Cypriots before knowing exactly what is going to happen in the Middle East during the next 20 years.

Nor would the catastrophe—for the Irish no less than for ourselves—have been confined to the sphere of strategy alone. Though historical textbooks have made a bravely sustained attempt to do so, it cannot be too often repeated that extremism breeds extremism, and that revolutions devour their children. Does anyone seriously suppose that such men as, for example, Eamon De Valera would long have survived the storm they had so rashly provoked?

Strengthened by the evidence of British weakness, the revolutionary and the gunman would wield supreme power in Dublin today. Unrestrained by British bayonets, the peasantry would have seized the land. Encouraged by reckless leaders to believe that small farms were uneconomic, they might by this time quite possibly have established some dangerous type of collective farming in place of the healthily large estates of English or loyal Irish landowners. We know how close and sympathetic were the relations existing, in the years immediately after the Russian revolution of 1917, between the Soviet and Irish leaders. Who can doubt that by now an 'independent' Irish Republic would have become, willy-nilly, a pawn of the Kremlin.

The loss of prestige alone entailed in a British withdrawal from Dublin in 1922 would have provided fatal encouragement to revolutionaries and other enemies of our way of life everywhere. Nor would there have been any hope that 'cultural links' with Britain or the United States could be adequate to stop the rot in Ireland. For, on gaining their independence, the Irish would enthusiastically have resumed the use of their own language as their normal means of communication. They would thus, to a considerable extent, have cut themselves off from the civilising influences of British or American films, of the BBC and of commercial television.

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Many of these new paintings are based on drawings made several years ago. This in itself is significant because it suggests that Herman is now more 'distant' from his subjects, which is another way of putting what I'm trying to say. It is worth comparing the new large painting of a sitting miner with the original drawing for it, drawn twelve years ago. (This drawing is No. 4 in the book of Herman's Drawings – published by Jonathan Cape in 1956, 12s. 6d.) Very little has been changed and yet everything is different. The squatting pose, the hands with their fingers interleaved, the helmet which hides the forehead and head, the square shoulders and the squat body which appears to depend for everything—even its ability to move—on the working arms either side of it—all these facts have been exaggerated in the same way in both painting and drawing. Their differences involve nothing more than the width of a finger. Yet whereas the drawing, although strong, is grotesque and a little absurd, the painting seems logical, convincing, permanent.

Why? If I could answer that simply in one sentence, I would have explained the art of our time in one sentence. Why? I can only describe the general principle. If, as in this painting, all the formal elements of a work are absolutely integrated and unified one with another, it becomes impossible to detach any given part and compare it directly with its literal equivalent in life—it becomes impossible, in other words, to say 'I've never seen a nose as big as that'; instead, one has to accept the *whole* image of the picture, and since this represents a particular man's vision of a particular moment there is thus no literal comparison one can make—one must either accept or reject the artist's vision by the light of one's own *general* experience. Yet if, on the other hand, as in this drawing, the formal elements of a work are inconsistent, not unified, then one can isolate one part, compare it with life and immediately find it exaggerated or absurd. This, of course, is why any discussion about distortions as such is meaningless. It is always a question of the relationships between distortions.

When I wrote about Herman two years ago, I suggested that his weakness as an artist derived from a nostalgia that made him blind to the true meaning of Labour—his constant subject—in the modern world. I still believe that this was true. Yet he has overcome this weakness, not by understanding his subjects better, but by understanding more fully the demands of his own way of painting. This is a lesson that Ministries of Culture should ponder. Naturally Herman's art is still limited by his view of life, and the most severe of his limitations remains, in my opinion, the way in which he substitutes endurance for hope. But whereas previously this limitation was oppressive because it often interfered with the demands of both the painting and the subject, now it simply becomes the condition of his vision which one accepts for the sake of what is true in it: his emphasis on endurance, for example, does enable him to convey very vividly the physical weights involved in manual labour. In other words, the demands of a painting, the demands of an art form, are finally no more indulgent to false subjectivity than is reality itself. Their different logics are equally severe and equally objective.

It is often said that Victor Pasmore's development (O'Hana gallery) from representation to abstraction has been a logical one. Perhaps up to a certain point it was, but alas! it has ceased to be so now. There are two problems for the artist working in the context of imperialism (and do I have to say yet again that it doesn't matter very much if Pasmore personally is as anti-imperialist as I am?): the problem of finding themes possessing some dignity; and the problem of purifying the language of his art, of ridding it of hypocrisy, false associations and so on. Few artists have been able to tackle the two problems simultaneously, which, of course, is what is necessary. Pasmore has tried to purify his language, but he has now reached the point where he is pursuing purity for its own sake. These new paintings of a few black lines on white or a few splodges of colour still suggest a true painter's sense of balance and still suggest through their very clumsiness an integrity of intention. They remind one in other words that Pasmore is not an adventurer. They are like a verdict of 'Innocent'. Fine. The man is not actually guilty. But not being guilty isn't a profession—or a life's purpose.

The exhibition of Graphic Art and Sculpture from East Germany (R.B.A. Galleries) may surprise many. It implicitly contradicts most of the illusions that are fed out to people here about the state of art in the People's Democracies. There are many different styles of work. Its underlying character is German and certainly not Russian; there is plenty of evidence that the artists recognise their own tradition—Dürer, the whole history of German wood-engraving, Expressionism, Kaethe Kollwitz. Its average standard is remarkably high—higher than that of an equivalent English show; and this is not a question of 'stars' (there is only one quite outstanding artist—the engraver-illustrator, Werner Klemke), it is a question of training and employment; there are weak works here, but there is not a single trivial intention. For admirers of Brecht there is also a good portrait head here by the sculptor Fritz Cremer.

JOHN BERGER

The Films of Ingmar Bergman

At the Hampstead Everyman, a season is in progress of films by Ingmar Bergman. *Sawdust and Tinsel* can be seen there this week-end, *Smiles of a Summer Night* from Monday, and *The Seventh Seal* from Monday week. In the meantime, *Wild Strawberries*, recently shown at the Edinburgh and London Film Festivals, will be coming to the Academy.

This new film, unlike the others, is set in the present (though it has several flashbacks to the turn of the century). It is curious that all the three films directed by Bergman which have hitherto been shown here are set in the past, because, of the twenty-three films he has worked on, these are the only ones which are. Be that as it may, a period setting seems to provide Bergman with symbols and images more adequate to convey the particular feelings and tensions he seeks to express than modern life does. (In *Wild Strawberries* itself, the flashbacks seem more real as well as more eloquent than the modern sequences – and even the dream sequence at the beginning, for all that the figures are in modern dress, has a strong flavour, I feel, of 1900, and derives much of its magic from this.)

Bergman's world presents a duality between an ideal of pure, unselfish, innocent, almost wholesome love and death-in-life – guilt, corruption, revenge, and also doubt: all that frustrates and prevents the acceptance and affirmation of life. This somewhat schematic picture of human existence is given substance and conviction when it is projected onto a period in which human behaviour had – or seems to us to have had – a ritual quality, as in the medieval setting of *The Seventh Seal*, the *c.* 1900 setting of *Smiles of a Summer Night*, the circus setting of about forty or fifty years ago of *Sawdust and Tinsel*. These period settings provide the kind of imagery, ceremonial, exotic, extravagant, in a word, Gothic, that is needed to give body and vitality to a vision of the world that is essentially apocalyptic – by which I mean that it is mythopœic, schematic, tortuous and violent. (Its apocalyptic character was already evident in *Frenzy*, his first screenplay.) The commonplaceness of *Wild Strawberries*, though it is by no means devoid of strangeness, gives full play to Bergman's subtlety but not to his anguish.

Bergman's use of the past doesn't only provide him with *imagery* appropriate to his peculiarly formalised view of life, but with a *structure* that matches it, for each of the films with a period setting is up to a point a pastiche of an art-form belonging or somehow corresponding to that period: the medieval piece derives from the morality-play, the *c.*1900 piece from the comedy of manners, the circus piece from the German silent film. These echoes of familiar art-forms serve a dual purpose: because they are all highly formal forms, they justify the schematic character of Bergman's vision; because they are all forms with a very distinctive flavour, they help Bergman to crystallise a style (for each particular film), something that seems to be his most difficult problem. In *Wild Strawberries*, which has no clear-cut stylistic model, the style is often an inconclusive compromise – as in the bickering of the married couple after the car crash, where it falls between naturalism and caricature. In *Smiles of a Summer Night*, on the other hand, the guidance of the comedy of manners allows him to achieve some brilliant transitions and interplay between lyricism, farce, fantasy, satire and naturalism, and keep the whole incredible confection under control.

A peculiarity of Bergman's vision of life and death is the ambivalence with which he looks at man's search for understanding. In *Frenzy*, the family doctor says of the adolescent hero: 'He's one of those who have to solve the riddle of existence'. This could, of course, be said of Bergman, and it can be said of a great many of his principal male characters. In *The Seventh Seal*, a knight and his squire scarcely converse except to argue about the existence of God. The debate is comically treated in *Wild Strawberries*: two youths maintain a perfectly amiable rivalry over a delicious girl, but come to blows to decide whether God exists. In *Smiles of a Summer Night*, a hearty coachman tumbling a lady's maid in the hay philosophises about love and the Elect of lovers to which they do not belong. The crux of *Wild Strawberries* is the remark of the protagonist-cum-narrator, 'In this jumble of events I seemed to discern an extraordinary logic'. Man's quest in life, in Bergman's world, is for the meaning of his life, rather than happiness, fulfilment, salvation. The knight in *The Seventh Seal* plays chess with Death, but his concern is less with who will win than with what the game will tell him of life's meaning. Life is above all a question to be answered.

Yet the blessed, Bergman seems to say, are not the questioners, the doubters, but those who accept, absolutely – the juggler in *The Seventh Seal*, who doesn't question his visions, or the son in *Smiles of a Summer Night*, who finds he is in love and yields his life absolutely to his love: it is those who do not doubt but love who are on the side of life. Bergman himself, in spite of himself, is, of course, like Milton, on the side of the questioners.

DAVID SYLVESTER

You and your Hovis

IF YOU LIKE to eat well, the bread you prefer is probably Hovis, because you have discovered it has far more flavour and goodness than ordinary brown. But why has it?

TALE OF THREE It is really a matter of the flour, for flours differ considerably in their ingredients, and the quantities of them. There are virtually just three ingredients that can be juggled with—the three parts in the grain of wheat, from which flour is made.

WHAT'S IN A GRAIN One part is the bran (or outer husk) which may or may not suit you, the second is the starchy body of the grain (the kernel), and number three is the tiny wheatgerm, the heart of the grain, which is full of goodness out of all proportion to its size.

From those ingredients, how are the recipes for different flours made up?

BREAD SECRETS To produce white loaves, all the starchy kernel is included, but none of the doubtful bran and none of the good wheatgerm. There are various recipes for brown bread flours, but usually only a part of the wheatgerm is used, and some of the bran, while wholemeal bread is made from the whole wheat grain, just as it is.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER When it comes to Hovis, the recipe shows one vital difference. Eight times *more* of the good wheatgerm—the heart of the wheat—goes into Hovis. But the bran is discarded and goes to feed animals, so that you get all the body of the grain (the kernel) plus eight times more of the wheatgerm.
It is the extra wheatgerm that gives you the extra flavour and goodness in your Hovis. So now you know . . .

DON'T JUST SAY 'BROWN'—SAY

Hovis
THAT'S BETTER!

The Fallacy of Facts

In *Shadow of Heroes* at the Piccadilly, Mr Robert Ardrey, the author of that ingenious play *Thunder Rock*, revives a form of theatrical experiment which left-wing theatre groups developed before the war. The Living Newspaper was an attempt to set out in semi-dramatic terms the facts of a situation as objectively as possible. The facts are bad enough, is the assumption underlying this theory: let them speak for themselves and they will tell us the truth. So here Mr Ardrey presents the facts of the Hungarian political situation from 1944 to the rising in 1956 and believes that he is telling us the truth about it.

The first fallacy arises straight away. In three hours we cannot be given one-hundredth part of *all* the facts that led up to 1956. We can be given only a very small selection. Mr Ardrey does everything he can to persuade us that what we are hearing and seeing is the truth. Every alienation device is used to persuade us not to regard his piece as a play, *i.e.* as fiction. Mr Emlyn Williams, the narrator, announces that he is impersonating the author and promises to tell us where at any point 'reconstruction' has been used or where facts can't be given because they are not known. Yet this impressive display of 'objectivity' is a piece of bamboozlement, even though, I am sure, not a deliberate one. What we are shown may indeed be facts. But they are not *the* facts. They are a selection of facts. They do not tell us the 'truth' about the Hungarian situation during these years; and in pretending to do so the author is misleading us. All he has told us is some of the things which did happen.

I am not saying this in order to deny or excuse anything that did happen. These things that are recorded – these tortures and acts of black treachery – are among the foulest that have stained the annals of human history. Yet it is important, if straight. Only the politically very innocent will believe that what goes on at the Piccadilly Theatre resembles anything but remotely what went on in Hungary between 1944 and 1956.

Take one point. Rajk is presented as some sort of hero figure. But what sort? Rajk and his wife were communists, and early on we see them during the German occupation in the Gestapo prison. After the liberation the communists are in power and Rajk is the Minister of the Interior. He has created, or allowed to be created, a secret police who now operate in the same prison, with, indeed, the same man as chief gaoler. It is a horrible irony that presently Rajk is to be in that prison again under the same gaoler when he, in his turn, falls from power. But among the facts not recorded by Ardrey is the number of other people who suffered torture in that prison under the orders of Rajk as Minister of the Interior.

Just why Rajk, after being transferred from the Ministry of the Interior to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, was then arrested is not made clear. A streak of the romantic in his communism is hinted at – he wanted to stay on living in his worker's flat instead of being moved out to a grand villa. But Titoism was presumably the crime of which he was indicted.

Now the point about all this part of the story is that no real effort is made to inform us what politics in a communist country is really like. Gero, the Moscow-trained Hungarian, who is the *eminence grise* behind the government, is presented as little more than a wicked sort of spy-film figure – and is consequently totally unconvincing. I am not myself politically instructed, but surely one can vaguely glimpse something of what the situation may have been like if one thinks of the whole communist set-up as being analogous to that of the Catholic Church at the height of its power. The holy doctrine (and its current interpretation from time to time) is fabricated in Rome-Moscow. The power of the Church-System is thought to be dependent on absolute obedience. Heresy-deviations must be squashed out with complete ruthlessness. To the outer provinces legate-commissars, Rome-Moscow trained, are sent out to maintain the purity of the doctrine-line. Gero was one such cardinal-commissar guiding the Hungarian government. The Hungarians were plainly liable to the heresy of Titoism-Protestantism. Rajk might conceivably have been infected. Whether he really was or not is not made plain. When later in this play his wife protests his absolute innocence, is she not protesting his complete subservience to Rome-Moscow? The ins and outs of this doctrinal-political intrigue are of the first importance to the truth. The Party at his wife's insistence are made to proclaim his innocence, and our sympathy is asked for him as a victim. But of what was he 'innocent'? If as we must suppose of Titoism, *i.e.*, of wanting to break from Moscow, wasn't he then a traitor in advance to the coming rising? So in what sense was he a hero of the Revolution?

I do not pretend to understand the intricacies of the situation. (An analysis by a politically-instructed colleague would be most instructive.) What I do know is that *Shadow of Heroes*, for all its parade of objectivity and of giving us the facts, is not putting us fairly in the picture; it is relating the facts not to the eastern world, where they belong, but to the western, where they don't fit. To the English who are by comparison amateurs in politics, the internecine struggles of these professional doctrinaires are baffling. The context is always as important as the fact. But let me repeat that in saying this I am not saying that the context excuses the facts. The trouble with *Shadow of Heroes* is that it obscures rather than illuminates these things. It is based on the fallacy that facts are truer than fiction. A purely invented play like *The Prisoner* takes us much nearer the truth of fanaticism than this reassembling of a selection of the known facts.

As theatre, naturally enough, the piece is not dramatic: it is not meant to be. You will not go to it for the kind of satisfaction which you look for in a play. And even though it does fail, as I think, to illuminate this black chapter of human misery, it still reminds us of something we should do well not to forget. Once you believe that the end justifies the means, torture and betrayal are legitimate weapons. The vile record of the Moscow communists in this respect is pretty exactly paralleled by the vile record of the Catholic church at the height of its power.

T. C. Worsley

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The Cool Spaniard

For the first time the great Spanish dancer, Antonio, has disappointed me. The polished tricks, the more sensitive trappings of a perfected technique were all there; but on the second night of his six weeks' season at the Coliseum, the passion and the inner transport had gone. He seemed lonely on the stage, like a magician without his magic, like a man rehearsing to a void auditorium. Only at the very last, when he slung a scarf around his partner's white neck and tugged her off behind him was there a moment of the fuming, sexual excitement that has so enticed and ravished the audience's heart year after year.

In his new production of *The Three Cornered Hat* there is all the professional workmanship that marks everything Antonio touches; but the emotional tension of the story never waxes and wanes, as it does so movingly in Massine's interpretation of the music. There is a steady flow of energy on the stage, in which the details of the plot become confused, while the feelings of all but the lustful governor remain undeveloped. Antonio himself, who can appear so gay and so tempestuous in traditional dances, is but a cold-blooded miller, no more jealous of his wife than he would be of the mill cat.

It is in the *Pas de Quatre* (a Spanish counterpart of the famous classical *Pas de Quatre* that was designed for Taglioni, Grisi, Grahn and Cerito in 1845) that Antonio shows his superior qualities as a choreographer, shows how restrained and simply effective he can be. The four soloists dance their half-Spanish, half-ballet *tours de force* with a gaiety that travels right down to their sweet little, plump, flying legs. The magnificent dresses have been copied from nineteenth-century prints by Madame Karinska. Certainly in the world of ballet dressing there is no one to equal Karinska. The clothes she makes move with an assurance and a splendour of their own; whatever the garment, she manages to make the figure appear properly proportioned and stylish. It must be a dull dancer who will forget the pleasure of wearing a costume made in her workrooms.

There is a slim book on *Antonio and his Spanish Dancing* by Elsa Brunelleschi (Black, 18s.) for anyone who is mad about Antonio: 66 shimmering photographs and a quickly read text that cover his career and his talents with sentiment and facility. To write successfully of dancers in a book the words should create something more

than the quick, journalistic effect of an article. But, unfortunately, journalese has become the accepted accompaniment to fancy photographs. It is time that someone in the ballet book world, besides Miss Beryl de Zoete, was ambitious enough to excite readers with an imaginative assessment of dancing.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Loud and Immeasurable

PETER RACINE FRICKER is now 38, and he has been widely regarded as the most gifted English composer of his generation ever since his First Symphony was awarded the Koussevitsky prize in 1949. Yet recently, although there has been no slackening in the number of works he has produced, somehow none of them seems quite to have fulfilled these first expectations. For that reason alone the appearance of a major new work lasting nearly an hour would have been an event of some interest; what made it doubly interesting was the fact that it was an oratorio commissioned for the Leeds Festival. In spite of his acknowledged debt to twelve-tone technique Fricker is by no means a radical, but it is one thing to be regarded as a reactionary at Donaueschingen, and quite another to attach oneself to such an ultra-conservative tradition as that of the English oratorio. Many of us must have wondered how he would succeed in simultaneously producing a work acceptable to the Leeds authorities and remaining true to himself. To me he seems to have succeeded beyond anything we might have expected, and in so doing to have revealed a significant expansion of his own musical personality.

He has chosen as this theme the Last Judgement – a subject that poets and artists have been drawn to re-interpret throughout the Christian era, and more recently musicians, too. As if to emphasise his reliance on tradition Fricker has gone back to an eighth-century poem for his text, Cynewulf's *Christ*; the language, in his own adaptation, is plain to the point of being prosaic, but the vision it expresses has all the factual clarity of some medieval sermon. The angels sound their trumpets, the world is consumed by fire and while the wicked mourn (Hell's jaws do not explicity gape in this version) the blessed inherit eternal grace.

His outlines of this apocalyptic vision are too stark for musical sophistication. If Fricker was in any case going to simplify his usually complex harmonic vocabulary for the sake of the chorus – and his work at Morley College can have left him no delusions about the capacity of mature singers, even the ablest of them – then at least his subject gives him a plausible excuse. Dissonant as some of *The Vision of Judgement* is by choral society standards, it remains eminently, sometimes ingeniously, singable.

Fricker seems to have modelled his work fairly closely on Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* (written, incidentally, for the Leeds Festival of 1931). The chorus in *The Vision of Judgement* proclaim the falling down of the stars from their courses in much the same musical terms as they then prophesied the falling down of Babylon; again there is a longish *a cappella* passage before the final sprint down the straight, and again two extra brass bands are called for. However, it is much more than a repetition of the tried recipe. Fricker has neither Walton's immediately attractive melodic gift, nor Britten's innate feeling for the musical value of words, but in place of these he can offer an immensely strong harmonic sense which can be heard both in the remarkably unified overall plan of the work and also in its details:

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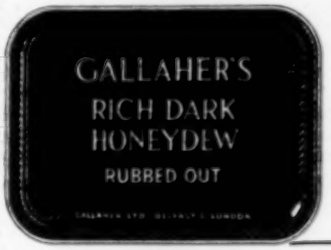

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the 'sound, loud and immeasurable' of the last trumpet itself – in the Leeds Town Hall it nearly was that – or the moving unaccompanied setting of *Libera me, Domine,* or the presentation of common chords over a pedal bass in the final section. This is a strong and individual work, and if it leaves itself open to a charge of being old-fashioned, so much the worse for fashion.

Leeds's other attempt to blow the dust off the oratorio tradition, the presentation of Handel's *Samson* in costume, must wait for a full review until it reaches Covent Garden next month. Although the spectacle is in places overdone, Handel's right to be considered as primarily a dramatic composer is triumphantly vindicated.

JEREMY NOBLE

Vision Management

TELEVISION, which will soon for the first time show us the State opening of Parliament, is more than a mere recorder: it brings about actual changes in the institutions and functions that it records. You can't just let that formidable apparatus in and carry on as before; you find yourself consciously adapting what you do to the requirements of the technicians and producers behind the apparatus, and of your own public relations advisers, concerned with how your performance will look to the mass eye.

Often such changes are slight. Platform speakers at party conferences are penned in a box, because the empty seats or drowsing colleagues behind them 'looked bad' on TV; instead, the viewers now see a striped backcloth or a propaganda poster. Again, because 3.30 p.m. is at present the latest time at which the TV people can film conference proceedings for showing in that night's report, there is a tendency to try to get important speeches in just before that time or (as in the case of the Conservative conference debate on the birch and the cat) to defer until after it debates likely to show delegates at their least appetising.

I do not think that such a modest degree of 'stage-management' matters much. I had the impression that delegates to the Labour conference at Scarborough soon forgot lights and cameras and talked genuinely to their fellow-delegates, not to the unseen millions. Any inhibitions that may be attributed to the presence of TV are surely outweighed by the (at least potentially) immense educative value, in a politically apathetic period, of the nightly conference reports. The few of these that I was able to see – with their filmed extracts from speeches and live interviews – seemed to be done admirably on both channels: they were responsible and objective, yet vigorous and, thank heavens, unobsequious. Kenneth Harris tried to trap Frank Cousins with a have-you-stopped-beating-your-wife? type of question ('Should a Socialist preach thorough-going Socialism at all times, even if it means electoral disaster?' or words to that effect); but he was no kinder to the Tories than to the Socialists – an independent inquirer, uncommitted viewers must have felt, asking the questions, sometimes awkward ones, that they would have liked to ask.

Because of television, the Pope's funeral on Monday differed in two respects from that of his predecessor, in 1939. The sombreness of the rite has been intensified, in the past, by the fact that, taking place in the afternoon, it ends when daylight is fading – on the last occasion, indeed, in almost complete darkness, mysterious and gloomy, relieved only by a few flickering candles. Now the greater part of the basilica was ablaze with the strong lights necessary for TV and films. Again, a papal funeral is a private occasion: only a thousand or two tickets are issued, to courtiers, diplomats, and other VIPs; the public are excluded. Will this restriction continue to seem logical in future? For millions of members of the public had, through TV, a closer view of what was being done in St Peter's than many of those actually there. Was it also for the convenience of television that the lying-in-state had taken place, this time, in the spacious and open arena before the *Confessio* instead of, as previously, in an obscure chapel?

What viewers saw was selected with discretion. I was surprised to note that one critic found the selection 'rather candid by our standards'. We did not see the white silk placed over the dead face and the body lifted from the bier into the first of the three coffins; nor did we hear (except perhaps very faintly, against the superb polyphonic singing) that sound which, shatteringly macabre as it is, is the more impressive for its workaday incongruity – the hammering-down of the coffin-lids.

This was, I suppose, the most important event seen on British TV since Eurovision began (or at least, an irreverent friend suggests, since Grace Kelly's wedding). On the whole, the BBC's commentators were worthy of it. Before they describe the Coronation ceremonies of the next Pope, in a few weeks' time, someone will no doubt have warned them against falling (as they did on Monday, at least four times) into the vulgar error of supposing St Peter's to be a cathedral. And the Spanish composer Victoria should be so called, not Italianised into Vittoria.

TOM DRIBERG

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH GIVES THE ANSWER: 1

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CATHOLIC ENQUIRY CENTRE, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

A Society for People

Peter Townsend is the author of The Family Life of Old People *and a research sociologist. We print below a somewhat shortened version of his widely acclaimed and important chapter in* Conviction, *(MacGibbon & Kee. 18s.)*

THOSE who grew up in the war, as I did, could not fail to be aware of the lowering of social barriers and of the popular support for social reform. Whether by eating in communal restaurants and sleeping in air raid shelters, accommodating evacuees and the victims of the blitz, joining in firewatching and civil defence, doing holiday work on farms or serving in the armed forces, people were obliged to meet, and get to know, many others of different class, occupation and background. They had a common interest and a common purpose. One of my most vivid memories is of the shock felt by the middle classes in Blackpool upon the arrival of families evacuated from the Liverpool slums. As in many other places, people came to understand for the first time how the other half lived, and what the years of unemployment had wrought. Here were two nations confronted.

The rich were chastened by this sudden revelation of social misery and the young wanted to put an end to it. A respect for the problems of others, as well as patriotism, made people prepared to accept sacrifices. National Assistance was liberalised. Welfare foods and all kinds of benefits for mothers were introduced, stiff taxation was accepted and the most envied rationing system of the war raised the living standards of the poor. Experts who had been arguing seriously whether the number of 'unemployables' in the population was half a million or one million were shamed into silence. Infant and child mortality fell sharply, morbidity was amazingly low and, despite the apparent rigours of rationing, the submarine blockade, the bombing and everything else, a near miracle occurred – there was in 1942 a greater sense of national well-being than in any year of the Thirties.

Social objectives which had been sought from one Royal Commission to another were now secured within weeks and months, but few people were satisfied. The guilt of the Thirties had to be erased. The Beveridge Report successfully competed with the battles in Russia and North Africa for the front pages of the daily press. A coalition government produced the first White Paper on a National Health Service, more remarkable, in some respects, than the plan finally agreed. *The Times* even complained in the middle of the war that the government was dragging its feet in putting forward proposals for social reform. A new post-war society seemed ready to emerge.

In the Britain of 1945 it seemed possible to detect the two human impulses which, as I understand it, are necessary to any Socialist society. There was, first, an attitude of trust, tolerance, generosity, good-will – call it what you like – towards others; a pervasive faith in human nature. Then there was a prevailing mood of self-denial, a readiness to share the good things in life and to see that others got the same privileges as oneself; an urge to give everyone, including the poor, the sick, the old and the handicapped, the chance of having certain elementary rights or freedoms so that they could achieve individual self-respect. Tracing the ways by which these two impulses found expression, and then were frustrated, gives one of the most revealing, and depressing, insights into the difficulties of attaining Socialist objectives.

At first all seemed to go well. In the early years after the war a daunting programme of legislation was undertaken which seemed to match popular feeling. For a nation struggling with the economic consequences of the war the Labour government's programme was little short of breathtaking. But instead of gaining a sense of purpose and of confidence as the war-time plans began to take recognisable shape, ministers hesitated more and more; doubts crept into the discussions of social policy and the first flush of post-war enthusiasm began to wane. By 1950 the momentum following the war was spent and the Labour Party's victory at the polls was a hollow one, the succeeding year before the defeat of 1951 being one of the most painful and degrading in recent political history.

It is true that the government was severely handicapped by the Korean war and its slim parliamentary majority. But, apart from these extenuating circumstances, there was a succession of minor decisions, like the imposition of Health Service charges, the abandonment of a large part of the Exchequer share of social insurance and the faint-hearted singling out of the cement and sugar industries for nationalisation, which showed how quickly the Labour Party had reached a dead end. It was not simply that the two most formidable leaders, Cripps and Bevin, had been lost, nor that the Bevanite split had occurred without offering adequate alternative leadership, nor even that the party needed to recover its breath before resuming the assault. No one knew what to assault. Instead of realising that their work was only beginning, the Labour Party leaders thought it was at an end. They seemed to be drained of initiative by the effort of legislating. They no longer believed in any tangible social aim and had increasingly lost touch with ordinary people. These were the two frightening facts at the start of the Fifties. Those who had discussed the plans for a new society so ardently during and immediately after the war found their hopes sadly deflated. They were completely disillusioned.

I think this disillusion can largely be explained by the meaning given to the simple, but crushingly cold and complacent phrase, the 'Welfare State'. I want to attack this phrase, and all it is supposed to represent, first because it suggests, or rather, is taken to mean, that a country which is a Welfare State is soft and makes people soft, and second, that in a country which is called a Welfare State there can be, in some strange way, no just causes left.

The strict values of the unbending spinster have always had a cherished place in British society – the peculiar and varying discipline of the public school, the Church of England and the outside lavatory have seen to that – and it is not surprising to find them being expressed with peculiar vehemence as soon as the new health and social security services began to operate in July 1948. The general satisfaction created by the legislative achievements was quickly undermined. Britain, so the argument went, was going soft and everyone was being supervised from the cradle to the grave. Wage-earners had been granted improved insurance and assistance benefits in sickness and unemployment: no doubt they would be feckless and stay off work. Mothers were actually being paid a small allowance when they had two or more dependent children: no doubt they would spend it on perms or the pictures. The middle-aged and old were making extraordinary demands for wigs, spectacles and dentures: no doubt they would acquire them irresponsibly to entertain their grandchildren. Services were wasted on people who could not be trusted, who toddled off to the nearest doctor or national assistance officer to get what they could when they needed nothing.

All this may read like exaggerated parody. I only wish it were. The line of criticism could be documented at tedious and uniformly depressing length. When, in February 1958, the director of the Conservative Political Centre wrote in *The Future of the Welfare State* that we were 'squandering public money on providing indiscriminate benefits for citizens, many of whom do not need them and some of whom do not want them', he was simply repeating, and in a characteristically vague way (Which benefits? Which people?) the complaint that has been made down the years in the correspondence and editorial columns of the *Telegraph*, *The Times*, the *Economist* and, perhaps most revealing of all, the *British Medical Journal*.

It is remarkable what happens when we submit the various charges to the cool test of evidence. What about 'malingering' and 'abuse', for example? Everyone knows, or thinks he knows, of the individual instance, but is it significant nationally? Early in 1958 the *Lancet* published data showing that in one area a small minority of people made claims for sickness benefit said to be unjustified by the doctor, but the money they received was only three per cent. of the total paid. A year or two previously the National Assistance Board took a special look at those who had drawn assistance for long periods during unemployment. Its officers found that about 2,000 of the total of 32,000 were 'work-shy' (less than one per cent. of the unemployed, or 0.001 per cent. of the total working population, at that time). What is more, nearly *two-thirds* of this tiny group were physically or mentally handicapped. As for the run on spectacles, dentures and the rest that took place after July 1948, no proof has ever been offered of the widespread belief that many people were queueing up for these for no other reason than that they were free.

It is important to ask for evidence. It is also important to remember historical precedent. The same severe views have been expressed with considerable force for generations by some sections of society. The Poor Law reforms of the 19th century and the Old Age Pensions Act of 1908 were attacked as bitterly as any recent measure by those who saw them as 'undermining the sense of family responsibility'. The same people fought to preserve the distinction between the 'deserving' and the 'undeserving' poor. They believed firmly in charity and in the division of the population into first-class and second-class citizens.

The serious journals of the Establishment, such as the *Economist*, *The Times* and the bank reviews, have taken the criticism a stage further. They have given a good deal of support to the idea that the social services are an indulgence or an extravagance which should be withdrawn as soon as possible. With increasing national prosperity, it is said, more and more people should look after their own health, education and social security; the dwindling numbers of the destitute should be covered by selective services which assuage guilt by employing more palatable means tests. This is the 'self-liquidating' theory of the

the 'sound, loud and immeasurable' of the last trumpet itself – in the Leeds Town Hall it nearly was that – or the moving unaccompanied setting of *Libera me, Domine,* or the presentation of common chords over a pedal bass in the final section. This is a strong and individual work, and if it leaves itself open to a charge of being old-fashioned, so much the worse for fashion.

Leeds's other attempt to blow the dust off the oratorio tradition, the presentation of Handel's *Samson* in costume, must wait for a full review until it reaches Covent Garden next month. Although the spectacle is in places overdone, Handel's right to be considered as primarily a dramatic composer is triumphantly vindicated.

JEREMY NOBLE

Vision Management

TELEVISION, which will soon for the first time show us the State opening of Parliament, is more than a mere recorder: it brings about actual changes in the institutions and functions that it records. You can't just let that formidable apparatus in and carry on as before; you find yourself consciously adapting what you do to the requirements of the technicians and producers behind the apparatus, and of your own public relations advisers, concerned with how your performance will look to the mass eye.

Often such changes are slight. Platform speakers at party conferences are penned in a box, because the empty seats or drowsing colleagues behind them 'looked bad' on TV; instead, the viewers now see a striped backcloth or a propaganda poster. Again, because 3.30 p.m. is at present the latest time at which the TV people can film conference proceedings for showing in that night's report, there is a tendency to try to get important speeches in just before that time or (as in the case of the Conservative conference debate on the birch and the cat) to defer until after it debates likely to show delegates at their least appetising.

I do not think that such a modest degree of 'stage-management' matters much. I had the impression that delegates to the Labour conference at Scarborough soon forgot lights and cameras and talked genuinely to their fellow-delegates, not to the unseen millions. Any inhibitions that may be attributed to the presence of TV are surely outweighed by the (at least potentially) immense educative value, in a politically apathetic period, of the nightly conference reports. The few of these that I was able to see – with their filmed extracts from speeches and live interviews – seemed to be done admirably on both channels: they were responsible and objective, yet vigorous and, thank heavens, unobsequious. Kenneth Harris tried to trap Frank Cousins with a have-you-stopped-beating-your-wife? type of question ('Should a Socialist preach thorough-going Socialism at all times, even if it means electoral disaster?' or words to that effect); but he was no kinder to the Tories than to the Socialists – an independent inquirer, uncommitted viewers must have felt, asking the questions, sometimes awkward ones, that they would have liked to ask.

Because of television, the Pope's funeral on Monday differed in two respects from that of his predecessor, in 1939. The sombreness of the rite has been intensified, in the past, by the fact that, taking place in the afternoon, it ends when daylight is fading – on the last occasion, indeed, in almost complete darkness, mysterious and gloomy, relieved only by a few flickering candles. Now the greater part of the basilica was ablaze with the strong lights necessary for TV and films. Again, a papal funeral is a private occasion: only a thousand or two tickets are issued, to courtiers, diplomats, and other VIPs; the public are excluded. Will this restriction continue to seem logical in future? For millions of members of the public had, through TV, a closer view of what was being done in St Peter's than many of those actually there. Was it also for the convenience of television that the lying-in-state had taken place, this time, in the spacious and open arena before the *Confessio* instead of, as previously, in an obscure chapel?

What viewers saw was selected with discretion. I was surprised to note that one critic found the selection 'rather candid by our standards'. We did not see the white silk placed over the dead face and the body lifted from the bier into the first of the three coffins; nor did we hear (except perhaps very faintly, against the superb polyphonic singing) that sound which, shatteringly macabre as it is, is the more impressive for its workaday incongruity – the hammering-down of the coffin-lids.

This was, I suppose, the most important event seen on British TV since Eurovision began (or at least, an irreverent friend suggests, since Grace Kelly's wedding). On the whole, the BBC's commentators were worthy of it. Before they describe the Coronation ceremonies of the next Pope, in a few weeks' time, someone will no doubt have warned them against falling (as they did on Monday, at least four times) into the vulgar error of supposing St Peter's to be a cathedral. And the Spanish composer Victoria should be so called, not Italianised into Vittoria.

TOM DRIBERG

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social services. So far as I am aware it has never been expressed in practical detail which indicates how the chronic sick, the disabled and the poor can pay for their own services and how state schools and hospitals can be handed over to private individuals. It is little more than a semi-articulate protest drawing on self-interest and class mistrust.

The social services are as necessary to modern society as good drainage. Even in times of hot, as well as cold, war they must not be regarded as absorbing resources which might better be devoted to defence. That would be a false economy. They help to provide the necessary conditions for undertaking a programme of national preparedness. And without them there would be less worth fighting for.

No Causes Left ?

I have discussed one assumption about the Welfare State. The other, that there are no just causes left, is more pernicious. It implies that everything has been achieved. But were the achievements of 1945-1948 as remarkable as so many people suppose? Future historians will, I think, pick out the uncritical acceptance of the Beveridge recommendations as one of the most significant phenomena of domestic politics from 1942 to 1946. Here was a set of proposals for social security which caught the imagination of the public. Central to them was the idea that benefits should be enough without other resources for subsistence, yet this idea was never scrutinised. Beveridge took over the kind of measure used by those who had carried out surveys of poverty before the war. It looked bogus, was bogus and has been shown to be bogus; yet right up to 1954 successive governments stuck to it bravely and pretended that they were trying to live up to it.

The subsistence standard, even as Beveridge worked it out, has never, by a good many calories and proteins, been attained. How many people know that the unemployment and sickness benefits for a man in 1958 form a much smaller percentage of the average wage than they did in 1938, or indeed in 1912? Full employment, and not social insurance, has been responsible for the reduction in poverty since the war. The Beveridge scheme tidied up numerous anomalies and extended social insurance to the whole population (largely, it must be said, to the benefit of the self-employed and the middle-classes, some of whom now qualify for the full retirement pension of £2 10s. for a single person, or £4 for a married couple, after only ten years of tax-free contributions) but it belonged to the past, to the Thirties and not to the Fifties.

All governments pretend to the public that their achievements are greater than they are. In a democracy one hopes the pretences will be probed ruthlessly by an alert opposition. But where are the informed critics of today? Labour politicians have been happy to exaggerate the achievements of the Welfare State because they feel they can gain most of the credit. Tory politicians have been loth to disavow them because they can follow less guiltily a policy of cutting 'marginal' social service expenditure and reducing 'redistributive' taxation. This policy has indeed been followed since 1951: up to that year the proportion of the nation's resources devoted to the social services had been growing steadily, and then stood at about 11 or 12 per cent. (compared with about 9½ per cent. in 1938). Even now, in the Health Service, Britain is strikingly ahead of most other countries, but in many other services it has fallen strikingly behind. West Germany, for example, is now spending half as much again as Britain on social security.

The achievements in what is unreflectively called 'income redistribution' have also been exaggerated. Were the post-war trends so much in favour of the working class as both Socialists and Tories supposed? During the war differences in living standards had narrowed sharply and only grudgingly did the Labour government begin to let them widen again. That seems to be as near to the truth as we are likely to get. A 'redistribution' of income occurred in the war rather than afterwards. Not for some time did the middle-class counter-revolution come into full swing. Not until 1947 was the first important step taken to increase regressive, and lighten progressive, taxes. Bank chairmen have now talked unceasingly about the plight of the impoverished middle-classes and the *Manchester Guardian* and *Observer* have joined the other journals in printing lengthy discussions. Gradually an elaborate protective system has been built into the tax system and industry. Successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have loosened the rules by which tax is collected. Allowances have been granted for more kinds of dependants, for some dependants for longer, and for superannuation and life insurance. Income tax consultants have become prosperous and more individuals have become aware of the expenses which, quite legitimately, count for tax relief. Many of these changes may be reasonable in themselves, but the cumulative effect should not be forgotten.

The changes outside the tax system have been even more important. Indirect income benefits today have reached such a pitch that mere comparisons between two persons' incomes tell us little about the real differences in their standards of living. There are luxurious cars bought and maintained at the expense of the firm, meal vouchers, season tickets, subsidised and free housing, salaries paid in full during sickness, large superannuation contributions, holiday expenses and free travel abroad. The recent Royal Commission on Taxation recognised all this, but failed to appreciate its significance.

Wealth and Income

Subsidies to income explain part of the middle-class counter-attack. Capital gains explain another. Throughout the last ten years inflation has meant a large series of non-taxable capital gains. The seven and eight-fold increase in undistributed profits since 1938 has given a powerful boost to the value of shares (partly concealed by free and cheap issues of new shares to shareholders) and so a much bigger proportion than previously of the shareholder's income has come from capital gains than from dividends. Moreover, heavy death duties have caused the rich to look for ways of avoiding them. They can pass on their wealth late on in life, more than five years before they expect to die; or they can buy agricultural land and expand the family business, on which they pay less tax. The recent history of the reaction to the high tax rates of the war and early post-war years teaches that no economic measures intended to narrow income inequalities can last unless the Chancellor of the Exchequer remains both Socialist and vigilant.

All this could be documented in great detail and far better than I could pretend to. But would it go far enough? The arguments I have used are destructive rather than constructive. What is there to reform? To answer this question we have to know more about people's needs and how they live.

I work as a sociologist. I should like this to mean that I explore, and write about, present-day society so that others may understand it better. I should like it to mean that I spend a good deal of time observing and interviewing small cross-sections of the population before writing detailed reports which aim at keeping human beings to the forefront. Above all, I should like it to mean studying very carefully the life of the poorest and most handicapped members of society.

Why do I emphasise this last point? In the British population of 50 millions there are nearly 5,000,000 retirement pensioners, 500,000 widows receiving special benefits, nearly two million war pensioners, not far short of 250,000 people receiving industrial injuries and disablement allowances; almost 500,000 unemployed, and therefore around two million men, women and children dependent on unemployment benefit; and, on any average day, nearly one million wage-earners and their families dependent on sickness benefit. Altogether about 2¼ million people are dependent at any one time on National Assistance allowances, most of them for extremely long periods. There are many more people, particularly the old (as a number of studies make clear) who would qualify for National Assistance, but do not apply.

The Submerged Fifth

There are 300,000 mental defectives and persons of unsound mind, most of whom are in mental hospitals and other institutions; over 750,000 disabled persons, including spastics and the blind; there are hundreds of thousands of persons in chronic sick hospitals, institutions for the aged, children's homes, and even more chronic sick living at home. There may be nearly a million old people who cannot leave their homes unassisted. Finally there are many adults and children in large families, among whom recent surveys have confirmed nutritional deficiencies; many young and middle-aged widows with children to support and many working men still earning less than £7 or £8 a week. The figures I have given may overlap in some instances but if we are trying to estimate the proportion of the population with special difficulties over a long period, who cannot and could not be expected to overcome their problems on their own resources, we should think in terms of the submerged fifth and not the submerged tenth.

Mine is a Utopian view of the definition and scope of sociology. In fact the term covers an enormous range of different subjects. Many sociologists are in fact interested only in philosophy, in history or social evolution or in rather mechanical experiments in closed laboratories. These interests have their place somewhere, but one wonders whether the balance is right and why so few research workers study the submerged fifth. Among the last 100 main articles in the *British Journal of Sociology* only 20 report research into present-day society, six of these 20 dealing with overseas affairs, six with social status and ranking of occupations and two with the employment of sociology graduates. Clearly the graduates are not much employed on surveys of everyday life.

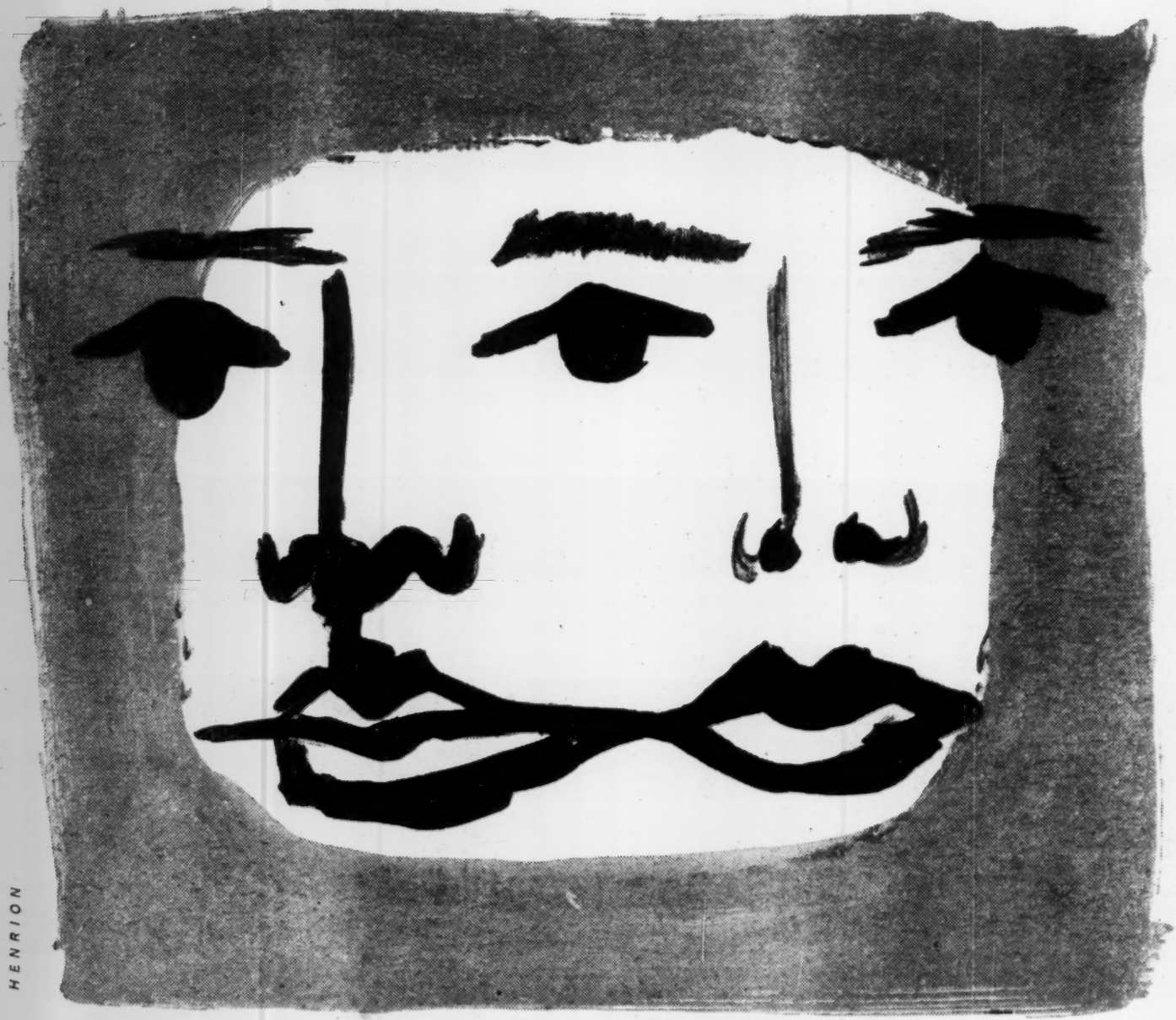
The more the sociologist tries to study and interpret contemporary society the more difficult it is for him to isolate his work from daily politics. If he visits a cross-section of people in their homes and tries to understand their lives and problems he is made aware of their needs and of how government affects them. It should be terribly hard for him to write his report without revealing, or at least implying, what their needs are, even if he shirks the separate duty of going on to suggest how these needs may be met. It may be best for him to admit this dilemma rather than pretend it does not exist. He may then be less inhibited about studying social needs, and readier to concede that government officials and politicians always will, and perhaps should, look

(*Continued on page 529*)

Motor Show!

Here we come!
To be dazzled, jostled, tempted, informed....
and to identify just a few of the ubiquitous, momentous, anonymous components made for the Motor Industry by

WILMOT BREEDEN



the Teenage World

ABC TELEVISION NETWORK

Weekend Programme Company in the North and Midlands

Gaps between generations seem wider every day. From scare headlines and garbled reports an image has grown of a separate teenage generation, living in a hectic world of its own. This is the situation which challenged ABC in producing *The Sunday Break*. With the most powerful medium of our time in our hands and with a deep belief in the wide range of public tastes, we wanted to establish contact with young people, to show there was more to teenagers than skiffle and coffee bars. That is why we devised *The Sunday Break*.

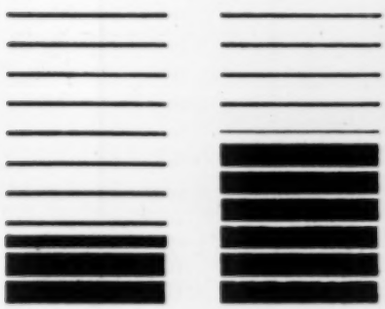
The Sunday Break, a 45 minute programme for the complete Independent Television Network, has two aims. It aims to reflect the full range of teenage tastes and to stimulate young people to think and talk about the moral issues in their lives.

In planning *The Sunday Break* we realised from the outset that we must not preach. Instead, we devised an informal youth club setting to create confidence among the teenagers in the programme and those viewing at home. We provided entertainment with *The Sunday Break's* own resident band. The result: television's own youth club, which, in the studios and on the screen, has the relaxed atmosphere of a successful club in Manchester or Birmingham, in London or Leeds.

This was the framework; for the serious matter we looked for, and found, churchmen with the popular touch. Figures like Canon Bryan Green and the Rev. David Sheppard appear each week to talk with, rather than to, our teenage members. We introduced competitions with a creative element—for modern prose versions of Bible Stories, for paintings on religious themes.

Each week now over 1,200,000 homes watch *The Sunday Break*. The audience numbers not only young people but parents as well. Youth clubs have found in it a new stimulus for their work. *The Sunday Break* is television at its most exciting and challenging.

The accumulating audience for *The Sunday Break*.



HOME VIEWING IN ONE WEEK
Research figures show that about one quarter (25%) of homes able to view do see *The Sunday Break* in an average week.

HOME VIEWING OVER FOUR WEEKS
Over a four week period as many as 6 out of 10 (61%) homes able to view see *The Sunday Break*.
Based on Television Audience Measurement data for the North, July 1958.

▲ *STRAIGHT TALKING*
Churchmen have found teenagers, in the relaxed setting created for *The Sunday Break*, remarkably willing to discuss fundamental religious matters.

A CLUB IN A STUDIO ▶
The set for *The Sunday Break* at ABC's Birmingham studios converts the studio floor into a youth club. All the discussions in *The Sunday Break* are unrehearsed. Before the programme starts teenagers meet to get to know each other and establish confidence before transmission begins.

THE YOUNG APPROACH ▶
For *The Sunday Break* ABC chose as Producer 27 year old Ben Churchill—leader of the young production team which has kept *The Sunday Break* in key with the teenage world.

ABC TELEVISION

A Member of the Associated British Picture Corporation 1 Hanover Square London W1

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★ ★ ★

Who are the men behind the

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN?

The man on the left is that well-known reader of newspapers, 'Disgusted'. At the moment he is being disgusted by the fact that a serious paper like the *Manchester Guardian* should be so readable and irreverent. Soon he will pick up his pen and write a disgusted Letter to the Editor. Alas! he has written five already, and the editor shows no sign of mending his ways.

The man in the centre is a good customer of the *Manchester Guardian*. He buys it every day because it has a lot of pages, each measuring 25 ins. x 16½ ins., which he can spread around the floor of his living-room, finding it more economical to spend 1s. 6d. a week on the *Guardian* than to pay the instalments on a carpet. It is thought, however, that he does not actually read the paper. Appearances belie him in the illustration above—he has his eyes shut.

But the man on the right has his eyes wide open, and buys the *Manchester Guardian* every day in order to read it. It is a pity he is so deeply absorbed in the paper that one cannot see his alert, intelligent face. Whether he is intelligent because he reads the *Guardian*, or whether he reads the *Guardian* because he is intelligent, it is not easy to say. Either way, he reads the paper, *and* has a carpet in his living-room as well. How well-equipped for life can a man be?

to sociology for evidence on which to base reform.

I have never realised the importance of these things more clearly than during the first more-or-less formal interviews of my life. I was supposed to be trying to find out what had been the effects of prolonged unemployment in 1952 on many thousands of people living in the Lancashire cotton towns. Already I had talked to officials of the National Assistance Board and of the Ministries of Labour and National Insurance and done my best to penetrate the fog of their statistics; I had done the rounds of borough councillors, trade union secretaries, personnel officers and welfare workers without finding much enlightenment. I could avoid the hardest job no longer.

The Field Work

As I called at one home after another I began to understand something of the problems of the submerged people. One person I met was a widow with three young children and no close relatives. Another was a mother with two illegitimate children. A third was a widower living in a hostel who suffered from double incontinence. Then there was a couple with two boys at grammar school: 'When our children were born we made up our minds that they would never go into cotton'. There was a bachelor living with his parents: 'The dole is nowt at all for a single man'. There were two middle-aged spinsters, one with chronic bronchitis; a family with a long history of tuberculosis, and many others. Again and again I found I was wrong in assuming that doctors, social workers, local government officers, trade union secretaries and others who spent most of their lives working in the area would have first-hand knowledge of the peculiar circumstances and problems of the people living there. For one thing they were often acquainted with no more than one odd corner of local society. On matters of detail falling within their specialised field of work they were helpful; on general matters involving the life of whole sections of the population, whether children, young families, the unemployed or the chronic sick, they were unbelievably wide of the mark. Many seemed to have little comprehension of the needs and circumstances of people living right under their noses. What people would like to happen, what people say happens and what in fact does happen are very different things.

The journey through Lancashire had left me in a confused but excited frame of mind. It had come in the middle of a two years' period of research among White Papers and Blue Books and I determined to seek the earliest opportunity to do more continuous research among people living in their own homes. I had set off with some questions I had been unable to answer. I returned with different questions, with a deeper respect for people like Charles Booth and Mayhew and also for D. H. Lawrence and George Orwell, and with a greater mistrust of the Welfare Establishment subscribed to by Socialists and Tories alike. At that time criticism was, however, so rare that it was easy to doubt one's judgment ; and Richard Titmuss was the only university person of repute to give confidence and inspiration to a number of people like myself who were beginning to feel their way towards some evaluation of progress since the war. In fact he was the only person who seemed to understand what had been happening. The public debate about social policy had a strange air of unreality alongside the facts of people's lives.

In 1954, when Michael Young started the Institute of Community Studies, I had the opportunity to interview old people in Bethnal Green. What struck me hardest was the extraordinary diversity between people of similar age living in the same locality. It was deeply puzzling. All the stereotypes in one's mind had to be taken to bits. By the time I had finished counting exceptions to the politician's traditional picture of Darby and Joan living on the old age pension, there was nobody left. It was hard to fill in a truthful picture. At one extreme I met a man who was one of 22 children, married to a woman who was one of 18, and between them they had 17 children, of whom 12 were alive. They had about 60 relatives living within a mile, and on every occasion I called the house was alive with grandchildren. The family kept a stall in the local market and had many friends. At the other extreme was an elderly spinster who was the only child of an only child. Her father died when she was a baby and her mother some 15 or 20 years ago. Since then she had had literally no relative whatsoever. She lived in a single room at the top of a tenement block and consistently refused to apply for National Assistance. She had virtually no friend in the world and no close contacts with any of the neighbours.

Between these two were the widest variations imaginable. Dimly I tried to make sense of them and to group people so that generalisation might be possible. All the time I wrestled with and never properly resolved the apparent contradiction between the comforting conclusion that the majority of old people lived reasonably secure lives within an affectionate family and the disturbing conclusion that a frightening number of physical, financial, occupational and social needs went unmet and, what is more, undetected, particularly among the minority of isolated or semi-isolated people with few or no relatives. I wondered whether the variations were due to my catching people at the end of life. Yet when I did another spell of interviewing with people of all ages in a tenement block in Stepney, they were even more marked.

Besides those who were very poor, perhaps as many as a fifth or more of the inhabitants were isolated and handicapped. They were elderly bachelors and spinsters whose parents and contemporaries had died, or merchant seamen who had drifted in from the docks, or divorced, separated or deserted people whose family life had been disturbed. Then there were the few who seemed to have led a hermit-like existence because of some deformity or disability or whose past was something of a closed book.

Around them was preserved the main texture of working-class society, the people whose parents lived there, whose brothers and sisters worked around the corner and whose children either lived there or nearby. Some two-thirds of the inhabitants were closely related to several people in the same block, parents, brothers and sisters, children, and grandchildren. Part of the sense of community, of solidarity and of neighbourly restraint arose and was in fact created by the ties of kinship.

The Lessons to Learn

What lessons are there here for social policy? I believe that it is possible to get a better understanding of what are the needs of the submerged fifth and how they can be met by learning what are the strong features of working-class life. That is why the analysis of social diversity seems to me to be so important. The happiest and most secure relations between adults in a family, for example, seem to be those in which all kinds of services are exchanged, as when the old grandmother cooks meals and cares for the grandchildren, and her daughter does the shopping and cleaning and works part-time outside the home. One-sided dependence is disliked and the ability to give, to be of use to others, to do one's share and to be independent is venerated.

This simple fact explains a lot of things. It explains why working people (supported, incidentally, by the trade unions) have always preferred to pay for social security by specific 'contributions', because they earn thereby their right to benefit in a way that they feel would not be possible through ordinary taxation. It explains why social services administered by systems of charity, patronage or means tests have never succeeded and always will be disliked if not hated. A man does not want to get anything according to his degree of misery or destitution, for that is humiliating. It affronts his dignity.

The central choice in social policy lies in fact between a national minimum and equality. Support for the establishment of a national minimum in some or all social services has a long history, and especially from the work of the Webbs at the turn of the century to the present day. All one has to worry about, so the belief runs, is the need to raise health and living standards to a bare minimum, a subsistence level from which individuals can themselves build by their own efforts. It is in the state's interest to ensure that this minimum is attained: to go further would be to interfere with individual freedom and to waste national resources. In theory the idea seems wonderful. In practice it evaporates. It is extraordinarily difficult to define what can be meant by a 'minimum' (bread? tea? cake? newspapers? books? cortisone? 'invisible' hearing aids? plastic surgery?). It is all the more difficult to readjust one's ideas continuously during a period of inflation.

National Minimum

The source of confusion is that the national minimum has been held to be the badge of equality. How noble for all citizens to be treated alike. What could be more equal than flat-rate benefits for all, financed by flat-rate contributions? Unfortunately this is a perfect example of doublethink. When the rate of benefit is kept below a 'national minimum', when the National Insurance stamp takes a far larger share of the wage of the lowest paid than the salaried earner, and when part of the population is allowed to exploit the tax system through a plethora of private insurance and 'top hat' pension schemes to gain very generous extras, the result is the opposite of equality. According to a *Manchester Guardian* supplement, half the pension contributions of those earning a few thousand pounds a year would otherwise go in tax. 'The greatest gainers are those with the highest rate of surtax. Thus the man with an income of £15,000 a year would lose only £7 10s. of net income per £100 premium, the remainder of the premium being offset by tax saving.'

Two separate standards of social value exist at one and the same time. In old age the living standards of the poor now fall more sharply than do those of the rich. I have interviewed middle-class people whose incomes were about the same or higher after retirement than before. They had paid off the mortgages on their houses, some had received large tax-free gratuities; and some were getting the advantage of the generous tax concessions now allowed on any further earnings. Their difficulties are as nothing compared with those of people now living on an income of £3 or £4 a week who were recently earning a wage of £10, say, or more. There are millions of people living on £3 or £4 a week – and some on even less.

The problem for the future is to refuse to tolerate two standards of social value and apply one: to see that the privileges of the few can be transferred to the many. One obvious course is a complete recasting of social security, to reduce poverty

and gross inequalities in living standards. The Labour Party has tentatively approved the principles of a national superannuation scheme with graduated contributions and benefits which favours the lowest paid. The plan could be the biggest contribution to social equality since the end of the war. I say 'could be' because the interpretation of a few of the crucial principles of the scheme remains in doubt.

But the changes in social security cannot stop there. The same principles will have to be applied to sickness, unemployment, widows' and industrial injuries benefits. They may be applied partly by obliging the employer to pay full wages (as well as full salaries) for the first months of sickness and also by obliging him to make adequate redundancy payments (one day's notice and one week's pay are still all too frequent). Children's allowances (both direct family allowances and tax allowances) need to be revised and increased. This general reform would logically entail the drastic revision of the tax concession laws and the eventual withering away of the National Assistance Board, with people whose needs cannot be met by social insurance being transferred to the care of casework agencies.

Too many social services, and not only those concerned with payments of money, are still governed by the belief in a 'minimum'. These clothes will do for the boys and girls in this children's home; they are cheap but hard wearing. The meals in this institution only cost 15 shillings a week per person, but they give adequate nutrition; the inmates are used to simple meals. The children in this school are far from reaching 11-plus standards (what do you expect in such a district?); that is why they are housed in an ancient building in classes of 50. The people queueing up outside this surgery (housing office, labour exchange, welfare office) have been waiting a long time; but they are used to waiting.

What Can Be Done?

We have hardly begun to understand how to abandon the double standard of values in the social services and treat people as we ourselves would like to be treated. What can be done? To a large extent the deficiencies can be remedied by good legislation and government. Take housing, for example. As many as 2½ million households in this country (17 per cent. of the total) have no piped water, well over three million no water closet (23 per cent.) and 6½ million no fixed bath (45 per cent.). When we know that millions of people must live for decades in old housing, why is there no adequate plan, supervised by the Ministry of Housing, for its modernisation and maintenance? Why do we allow slum clearance schemes to remove many solidly built terraced houses (sometimes, as in Bethnal Green, to make it easier to view the hideous old tenement blocks of Victorian England, which are the worst slums and about which nothing much is being done)? And why must they be carried out with gross insensitivity to community and family life? Housing management seems to be almost as much of a national scandal as the procedure by which patients lodge complaints against doctors and others in the Health Service.

Or take the services provided in the home. Part of the business of treating people as we ourselves would like to be treated is respecting the desire to be independent and to live a normal home life. Throughout recent years there has been growing professional emphasis, in the medical and psychiatric as well as the social-work world, on the value of care at home rather than in an institution. Most children taken into care by local authorities and by voluntary societies, old people in need of care and attention, and young and old in mental and general hospitals may be better cared for in ordinary private homes within the environment of a normal or substitute family rather than in institutions. For one thing the selfless devotion of institution staff makes more acute the separation of patients or residents from society. The idea that others are giving up their lives for your benefit and you can do nothing much about it makes you give up trying, or it makes you aggressive because you want your independence. The trend towards smaller hospital wards and smaller old people's homes (including many single and double rooms); the establishment of more contacts between institution and community (shown in the more generous visiting hours and more frequent 'holidays' outside institutions); the development of boarding-out schemes for both children and the aged taken into care—all these are indications of a complete change in outlook.

In the first place, therefore, priority should be given to the home and community health services, including district nursing. By comparison with hospital services (except for mental hospitals) far too little money is being spent on domiciliary health and preventive services. The development of health centres and group practice has been much too slow, and the education of general practitioners barely touches on psychological and social medicine and thus offers no training for over two-thirds of their future work.

In the second place, a Family Help Service should be created. The purpose of this would be to enable the old, the sick and the handicapped to lead a normal life at home within an ordinary community, by supplying those who have no relatives or who are separated from them with the services normally provided by the family—like shopping, cleaning, cooking meals, washing laundry and so on, and by giving support to those relatives bearing a heavy burden of care—through personal attendance allowances, for example, or relief at night and during holidays. In the population there are many with few or no relatives. About a quarter of the old are unmarried or childless. There is the nucleus of a home help service and no doubt this could form the basis of the new service. It would have many additional functions, like the systematic visiting of the isolated aged by skilled workers to assess need, the supervision of special housing schemes and welfare homes and the provision of occupations for the homebound. The emergence of a major new service to take its place alongside Social Security, Health, Education and Housing may be justified.

Planning is Not Enough

If there is any lesson in the experience of the last ten years it is that no social aim can be achieved merely by planning, and passing, the necessary legislation. The various services do not exist as self-perpetuating systems untouched by worldly sin. They need money and they need good staff. They therefore depend on political decisions about priorities and on all the subtle twists and turns of social and human change. Almost imperceptibly since 1945 the needs of the submerged people have grown and the differences between the rich and the poor in their living standards have widened. Powerful arguments can be advanced, as I have tried to show, for a new and ambitious policy, geared to the principle that the best possible standards of service should be available to all on the basis of equal sacrifice. This could be followed with imagination, hope and enthusiasm. There is just one condition. It is useless paying lip-service to equality.

You cannot live like a lord and preach as a Socialist. Equality of sacrifice is not an ideal which applies to others but not yourself. It is essentially personal and is not just a matter of avoiding ostentatious displays of wealth. To be scornful about cigars, extravagant receptions and hunt balls would be easy. The real test comes in all the trivial details of life—in choosing whether to dodge some taxes, use the firm's stamps for personal letters, add a pound or two to the bill for expenses, or jump the queue at the hospital; in asking repeatedly whether certain of our privileges look as reasonable to others as they so often do to ourselves. How many business lunches cost more than the National Assistance Board is paying a man to keep himself for a whole week? How many professional people, and how many workers, have four, six or eight weeks' holiday, a working week of less than 30 hours, and a centrally heated and carpeted workroom? The more privileges you have the fewer there are for others.

Faith in People

It is more than a personal ethic of self-respect, of fighting hard to avoid conforming to a double standard, and failing often. It is also a faith in people, in the fundamental goodness of man. People live very differently and it is sometimes hard to understand what drives them to act as they do. To give them the benefit of the doubt, to assume they have good rather than bad motives when we know little or nothing about them, and to concern ourselves with their needs rather than their failings—these are generally regarded as being Christian virtues, and yet they are the essence of Socialism.

The sort of Socialism advocated by William Morris, or any simple expression of faith in the goodness of man, frightens and embarrasses the intellectual. He does not want to be taken for a sucker in public and you rarely find him saying anything so straightforward and naive. He is much too cynical and self-conscious. Yet if he is not prepared to live his Socialism, it stands little chance of attainment. He wants to stand apart from the crowd, to be original, to wear an outrageous shirt, condemn the mass media and talk of commitment, positivism and Free Cinema. He wants to reject many of the values of society. He may be right but continually he runs the risk, in his thoughts and actions, of alienating himself from ordinary people. There are few harder conflicts to resolve. Somehow he must preserve his independence and his right to criticise and yet keep in touch with people of every age and class, and laugh and cry with them, in his private life as well as in his public utterances. This is his one hope of becoming a constructive and not simply a destructive critic of society. For to believe in people is to subscribe to their strengths, their pride, their capacity to recognise humbug or to shrug off propaganda, their fair dealing, their unselfishness and their willingness to bear pain without fuss, but above all the strengths which are given them by their lives within their families.

Terms such as 'equality', 'privilege', 'the Establishment' and 'class' are unprecise and call up different images for different people. One is conscious of the risks in using them. But if that overdone phrase 'a classless society' means anything, it is a society where differences in reward are much narrower than in Britain today and where people of different background and accomplishment can mix easily and without guilt; and also a society where a respect for people is valued most of all. For that brings a real equality.

PETER TOWNSEND

Correspondence

EARL ATTLEE ON PATRONAGE

SIR,—Earl Attlee's defence of his appointments policy against Mr Grimond's unjustified attack was patently sincere. Two questions arise, however, which are worth pondering upon.

The first is whether a Socialist prime minister should not in his preferments to both bench and pulpit take into account the social attitudes of his choice. Why is one a Socialist if not because of moral conviction? If one has moral convictions, should one elevate what is at best questionable, at worst wicked? To particularise, is one's view of what should be the attitude of the Christian always compatible with adherence to individualistic competitiveness?

On the second and more realistic plane one wonders whether Lord Attlee is conscious of the innovation he seems to have introduced into English political life. The British two-party system has in the past been broadly based on the existence of two alternating Establishments. If one of the parties forgoes creating its own Establishment but promotes the careers of its rivals without paying any regard to their social attitudes, it is liable to forfeit its chances of remaining a vigorous party able to draw its personnel from the best among all professions and occupations in society.

Labour leaders could do worse than to read Sir Lewis Namier on government in Britain.

T. BALOGH

Balliol College, Oxford

THE PARTY LINES

SIR,—Malcolm Muggeridge suggested in your last issue that there is at present no basic clash of policy between the political parties. Surely there is a chasm—between those who believe that greatness consists of bashing (or threatening to bash) somebody else, and those others who believe in dull things like seeing both sides of a question, reducing international tension, and supporting the United Nations. The chasm opened at the time of Suez, and is widening.

HUBERT FOX

Padlestone Farm
Holford, Bridgwater

ATTITUDES TO ADVERTISERS

SIR,—I was struck by the remarkable similarity in outlook shown by 'Len' and his confreres in Clancy Sigal's brilliant little study 'Short Talk with a Fascist Beast' and that of Edward Hyams in his review 'The Agency Game'.

The frightening, irrational and contradictory views of 'Len' and his like about 'niggers' are matched by the equally frightening, irrational and contradictory views of Mr Hyams on advertising. It is undoubtedly easier to make a hearty full-blooded claymore-like attack on a subject if you are not hampered by any knowledge of it and Mr Hyams' views could safely be ignored had they not assumed an air of respectability resulting from publication in your columns.

There are many good books dealing with the problems and techniques of marketing, sales promotion and advertising generally. It would, therefore, be unreasonable to take up your space by a detailed analysis of the fallacies expounded by Mr Hyams. May I make just three points:

He states that most printed media are subsidised by advertisers. This is obviously true, but does he seriously believe that the vast bulk of advertisers undertake this subsidy as a deliberate act without expectation of sales benefit? It is a fact that a few very large companies have been sufficiently far-sighted to advertise in serious media such as the NEW STATESMAN with the object of benefiting the journal more than themselves. The proportion of such advertising is, however, infinitesimal relative to the amount spent, for example, in the enormous field of the professional, technical and trade press. Here the advertiser is creating an expanding market for his own product while benefiting industry through the information his advertisements make available.

How would a small manufacturer who develops a new product obtain the orders to justify tool and machine costs for large-scale production without advertising? How would housewives have obtained their vacuum cleaners, refrigerators and similar aids to a more civilised and higher standard of life at the price they are today without the large-scale production made possible by sales promotion? Expansion can take place only by making the merits of a product or service known to a wider audience. This might be done by a vast sales force, calling on potential users individually. Alternatively, it could be more quickly, sensibly and economically undertaken by advertising.

Mr Hyams asks whether advertising pays either the advertiser or the community and answers that nobody knows. Nonsense! Hundreds of medium-scale manufacturers in Britain who have no inherent love of advertising or agencies can provide obvious evidence to the contrary. Advertising has enabled them to develop a market at home and, even more important to the community, overseas. In common with other aspects of life, advertising can be the subject of legitimate criticism. For goodness sake, let us concentrate fire on these aspects, while not ignoring the essential service that advertising renders industry and the community as a whole.

T. J. FIELDING

54 Nassau Road, SW13

IRELAND AND ITS TROUBLES

SIR,—Mr J. McGarrity reveals a degree of confidence in the acceptability of his unsubstantiated word at the hands of the English people that is, for one committed to so anti-English a philosophy, astounding to say the least. Mr McGarrity has given us some remarkable facts concerning the torture of prisoners at the hands of the RUC. It is perhaps to be regretted that the veil of secrecy with which his organisation surrounds everything concerning itself save its boasts will not permit him to indicate the source of his observations.

However, sir, Mr Paul Johnson's penetrating and thought-provoking article raises more questions than those within the horizons of Mr McGarrity. Perhaps another Irishman may be pardoned if he ventures to suggest that Mr Johnson has to some extent underemphasised the rather important factor in present-day Ireland of the connection between Mr de Valera and the IRA. Once chief of their number, now the individual largely responsible for their suppression in the republic, so far as internments go, Mr de Valera is still surprisingly close to the IRA in certain matters—notably those of philosophy. In practice the IRA is, of course, today splintered into groups ranging from the purely Fascist (small but nasty manifestations of anti-Semitism becoming increasingly evident) to, it has been suggested, near-Krushchevites, probably without much basis of Marxism. But in theory they take the same stand as laid down in Mr de Valera's case against partition so ably stated in Frank Gallagher's *The Indivisible Island*. In that work we see the classical example of the de Valera interpretation of history—a distortion which fosters hatred of England and a sense of the injustice of partition. When I say that it is this interpretation which has been deliberately fed to all students of Irish history up to the age of 14 years in state-sponsored schools, perhaps it may be seen that the past, which Mr Johnson calls 'Ireland's greatest, indeed her only enemy', has become so through a deliberate governmental policy. The partition question has long been an excuse for Mr de Valera to refrain from social legislation on anything beyond a parish-pump level in recent years. 'Belfast is necessary to our economy' is a master key to political problems.

Ironically enough, the IRA activity and the fear that a non-Unionist government means severing the link with Britain keeps Lord Brookeborough in power and enables him to ignore labour problems. Mr Johnson seems to see signs of the disillusionment of the electorate on both sides of the Border. We can but hope he is right.

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETINGS

STOCKPORT
Centenary Hall 20th October
Dr. DONALD SOPER

BANBURY
Court Room, Town Hall 21st October 7.30 p.m.
FRANCIS JUDE
ANTOINETTE PIRIE

HIGHGATE
Primary School, North Hill, N.6
21st October 8 p.m.
SIDNEY B. OSBORN

CATERHAM
Community Centre 21st October 8 p.m.
RITCHIE CALDER, Dr. JOHN HUMPHREY

WELLING
Bexley Heath Methodist Hall 22nd October
D. MARTIN DAKIN, MERVYN JONES
DR. DUNCAN LEYS

WALTHAMSTOW
Fiesta Hall, Hoe St., 23rd October 7.30 p.m.
R. G. BRIGINSHAW (NATSOPA)
BOB EDWARDS, M.P. (C.W.U.)
ERNIE ROBERTS (A.E.U.)
BILL JONES (T.G.W.U.)

HORSFORTH
St. Margarets Hall, The Green
23rd October 7.30 p.m.
JOHN BRAINE, A. H. HANSON
Rev. F. W. MILSON

LIVERPOOL
Central Hall 24th October 8 p.m.
FRANK ALLAUN, M.P., RITCHIE CALDER

MANCHESTER
Lesser Free Trade Hall 25th October 6.30 p.m.
RITCHIE CALDER, AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS
LORD SIMON OF WYTHENSHAWE

LLANBRYNMAIR
Village Hall 25th October 3 p.m.
MERVYN JONES

GLASGOW
St. Andrews Hall 26th October 3 p.m.
SIR RICHARD ACLAND
NAOMI MITCHISON

EDINBURGH
Assembly Hall 26th October 8 p.m.
SIR RICHARD ACLAND
JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE

Tickets and further particulars from Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 146, Fleet St., E.C.4
Tel. FLEet treet 4175

An excellent instance of the way in which Mr de Valera has fostered and encouraged this nationalist myth may be seen from a study of the files of his newspapers, the *Irish, Sunday* and *Evening Press*. It is particularly significant that when in 1949 the *Sunday Press* was founded it carried a garish comic strip on the rebellion of 1916, glorifying gunman nationalism, belittling appeasement, representing John Redmond as a fool who was wasting his time, and concluding with a moral for the present day to the effect that the work is but half completed as we yet have our six counties to recover. The power of the comic strip as an educational factor needs no emphasis. Those children who read that strip in '49 would now be nicely of age to be putting their well-learnt lesson into practice on the border.

In conclusion, sir, may I draw the attention of your readers to the latest move made by Mr de Valera to retain power—this time at the expense of the non-Catholic and non-nationalist minority, for that is simply what his proposed abolition of proportional representation is likely to achieve? As it will also attempt to cripple in their infancy such new Socialist groups as Dr Noel Browne's Progressive Democrats the danger and purpose of the step will be appreciated.

OWEN EDWARDS

38 Acton Street, WC1

FREE SPEECH IN HENDON

SIR,—The Mill Hill and South Hendon groups of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament are holding a meeting on 27 November, and applied to the Hendon Town Clerk for a booking of rooms at the Town Hall. This gentleman referred the matter to the General Purposes Committee—a totally unnecessary and exceptional procedure—and this committee refused the application without giving any reason for the ban.

The minority Labour group on the Borough Council made a strong and concerted protest on this matter at the Council meeting, but the ban was upheld by the vote of the Council. The Conservative councillors remained utterly silent during the debate, and the only statement from their side was by the chairman of the committee responsible, who denied that political consideration had entered into its decision which, he alleged, was based solely on concern for the safety of the Town Hall in view of the known 'grave disorders' at some similar meetings.

Comment on this nasty business is superfluous, but may we ask readers to express their reactions by all constitutional means?

ALAN N. COWAN

5 Weymouth Avenue, NW7

LABOUR AND EDUCATION

SIR,—The Labour Party's emphasis on the comprehensive school in its statement on education policy and the consequent threat to the grammar schools will make it more certain than ever that fee-paying schools will flourish.

Without accepting the view that the comprehensive schools must mean 'levelling down', it is certain that they cannot be what they might unless they have their share of the best teachers and a good proportion of children from homes which demand the best. Unhappily, these schools are too new to have the confidence of many parents who care about education, and many, given a choice, will feel unable to take a risk, and will struggle to find money for fees in a misguided effort 'to buy the best' for their own children. Among grammar school teachers there is at present strong prejudice against comprehensive schools, and many will get out, if they can, into fee-paying schools.

Health and education are analogous: private medicine would flourish at the expense of the Health Service if it were not so prohibitively expensive. I submit that it is time that the lesson was drawn from this, and the Labour Party has missed a great opportunity in not doing so. The principle of the means test for university awards is now under review: if the means test is abolished university education will become free to all children who do well enough at school. This is a reform which the Labour Party could welcome if it was linked with the decision that parents must choose between the private and the public systems; university awards to be available only in state schools; all financial aid from public funds to fee-paying schools (including direct grant schools and teachers' superannuation) to cease.

If parents were asked to meet the full cost of private education right through the university, all but the hard core of the private system would 'wither away' and the state schools would recruit good teachers and able children; in a short while the number of people educated in private schools would be too small to form a class apart, and fee-paying schools would be no more of a problem in education than private medicine is in national medicine. That such an obvious measure of reform has never even been canvassed by the Labour Party feeds the suspicion that there is an influential group amongst the policymakers who wish to maintain the dual system.

B. LASLETT

50 George Street, W1

UNIVERSITY BLUES

SIR.—The question of Oxbridge admissions procedure is even more complicated than Mr Wedderburn and your correspondents suggest. For the contrast between the percentages of grammar and public school entrants hides a much more startling disproportion between working-class entrants and the rest.

When I went up to Cambridge in 1948 the effect of the ex-service influx was being felt and this was generally admitted to have drawn students from a wider social basis than ever before. Nevertheless, I was constantly amazed at the really small number of students I came across whose parents, like mine, had earned their living by manual work.

I got to know a number of those who were responsible for conducting admission interviews. All of them would be horrified at any suggestion that they allowed themselves to be influenced by anything so indicative of class as, say, the way an applicant spoke. Yet from my own observations, I am quite convinced that it is a combination of factors, tangible and intangible, such as accent, poise and background off-the-syllabus reading that give the public schoolboy the advantage in so many cases. But, of course, these acquisitions, even though they will certainly help a freshman settle into university life more easily, will not necessarily make him a better graduate in three years' time.

Now these acquisitions are only partly the point of public school education: they are also very much the result of home life. And so among grammar school applicants the boy from an educated lower-middle-class background is likely to be much more at home in the interviewing room than the working-class boy from the same school.

Consequently I suspect that the number of very good students who are missed under the present admission system is considerably greater than this correspondence has so far indicated; and that the need to review and reform that system is so much the more urgent.

JOHN PRIME

103 Honor Oak Park, SE23

WILSON, GORER AND DE SADE

SIR,—Mr Gorer's 'almost completely' is as good as his 'almost certainly'. 'The point about the Marseilles scandal—one of the few occasions in which Sade's sexual behaviour is very exactly detailed—is that during the debauch Sade was almost completely passive . . . and, if this was the only record we possessed, any sexologist would classify him as a complete masochist'. Mr Gorer says he has to rely on documents—*i.e.*, the testimony of the girls involved. These documents and the summary of the episode presented in the first volume of the biography of Sade by M. Gilbert Lely, whom Mr Gorer invokes as an authority, assert that Sade's role in this orgy was as much active as passive. But note the adroit manœuvre of Potteresque legerdemain by which the apparently judicious but actually misleading 'almost completely' of Mr Gorer's sentence is made, only a few words later, to slip into the quite positive 'complete'. It is amusing to find in Lely a French equivalent to 'almost certainly'. He wants to convince us, without a particle of evidence, that five of the girls were lying when they testified that they sometimes refused to comply with the (active) demands of the Marquis: 'Nous admettrons donc dans le present récit que chacune des filles à qui fut demandé le plaisir en question ne laissa pas d'y consentir, en dépit de son témoignage. Si c'est là une conjecture, elle atteint à notre sens ce degré de probabilité qui se confond avec la certitude'.

I do not know what point Mr Gorer wants to make in mentioning that his study of Sade is 'a 24-year-old book'. An 'enlarged and revised edition' was brought out in 1953.

EDMUND WILSON

Wellfleet, Mass.

COLERIDGE PARODIED

SIR,—I should be very grateful for your assistance in tracking down some material for a book which is on its way to press. I am anxious to find out the author's name, etc., and the actual text of a parody on Coleridge which begins 'In Bakerloo did Ali Khan a stately Hippodrome decree Where Alf the bread-delivery man . . .' and I take the liberty of enlisting your help because if my memory serves me right I read it (or read of it) in the NEW STATESMAN. I seem to remember that the author, a man, used these lines to counter the critical theory of people like Edith Sitwell who attach great significance to the sounds, *per se*, of a poem, and it is in fact his critical argument that I am chiefly anxious to track down.

RANDOLPH QUIRK

Department of English
Durham University

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Spam on a Gold Plate

No one who lived through the Blitz of 1940 is likely to forget it: a terrible ordeal, but also a triumph of dogged courage. While women and children were evacuated by the thousand, everyone who had work in London, from cabinet minister to factory-hand, stayed there and got on with his job. Among them was George VI. The King and Queen, though sleeping at Windsor, commuted to London each day and endured repeated bombing at Buckingham Palace. Yet there was a difference between the King and his subjects. They had essential work to do in London; he attended at Buckingham Palace solely to be bombed. He could have gone through his 'boxes' just as well at Windsor or contributed more usefully to the war-effort by turning shells on his lathe in the basement. This was the King's duty as he saw it: to share the sufferings of his people.

Mrs Roosevelt, dining at Buckingham Palace in 1942, was given a meal 'which would have shocked the King's grandfather'. It was served on gold plate; and 'spam on a gold plate' would be a good motto for the reign. Another example. In 1947 George VI was in South Africa when the fuel crisis struck Britain. He wrote to Queen Mary:

> I am very worried over the extra privations which all of you at home are having to put up with in that ghastly cold weather with no light or fuel. In many ways I wish I was with you having borne so many trials with them.

Yet all the King could have done in England was to consume precious fuel.

Worry is the predominant note in the admirable, if somewhat courtly, biography which Mr Wheeler-Bennett has written*. Before the Abdication of Edward VIII:

> It is all so worrying and I feel we all live in a life of conjecture.

During the Munich crisis:

> It is all so worrying this awful waiting for the worst to happen.

In the early days of 1940:

> I am very worried over the general situation, as everything we do or try to do appears to be wrong, and gets us nowhere.

Only in June 1940 was there a cheerful note:

> Personally I feel happier now that we have no allies to be polite to and to pamper.

This cheerfulness did not last. At the end of February 1942:

> I cannot help feeling depressed at the future outlook. Anything can happen, and it will be wonderful if we can be lucky anywhere.

At the end of 1942, after Alamein and the landings in North Africa:

> Outwardly one has to be optimistic about the future in 1943, but inwardly I am depressed at the present prospect.

Nor did victory improve matters for long. The King wrote in January 1947:

> I have asked Mr Attlee three times now if he is not worried over the domestic situation in this country. But he won't tell me he is when I feel he is. I know I am worried.

A few days later to Queen Mary:

> I do wish one could see a glimmer of a bright spot anywhere in world affairs. Never in the whole history of mankind have things looked gloomier than they do now, and one feels so powerless to do anything to help.

Finally to Attlee in December 1950:

> I have been very worried lately over affairs in general.

George VI worried himself to death for the sake of his people; truly a sacrificial King, led as a lamb to the slaughter. Life imitates art; and George VI's reign reflected unconsciously the doctrines of Frazer's *Golden Bough*. No King has had a greater sense of duty, nor followed its promptings more strictly. This book inspires admiration for its subject, but also regret. The British were not aboriginal savages, despite the attempt of sociologists to treat them as such. They did not really want one man to die for the people. Though they were grateful for the King's sacrifices they would also have appreciated a King who had fun; and in the long run Edward VIII's waywardness may do as much for the monarchy as George VI's high principles. George VI had been trained to respect the throne, not to occupy it; and no man can change his character in mid-life. There is sincere indignation in the note of his first meeting with the Duke of Windsor after the Abdication:

> He seems very well, and not a bit worried as to the effects he left on people's minds as to his behaviour in 1936. He has forgotten all about it.

George did not forget. Though he scotched Sir John Reith's proposal to introduce the former King as Mr E. Windsor, he denied the title of Royal Highness to the Duchess, and effectively prevented the return of the Windsors to England. George VI sustained the magic of monarchy.

Monarchy is also a practical affair, involved in the day-to-day workings of politics. Mr Wheeler-Bennett provides much new information on this subject, some of a disturbing nature. The most important political act of a British sovereign is the choice of Prime Minister. It has been the last prerogative which he exercises without 'advice'. George VI did his best to let this prerogative lapse. It was on Churchill's advice, superfluous as it may seem, that he sent for Attlee after the general election of 1945. During the war, he worried over the possibility of Churchill's being killed on one of his trips abroad; and asked the Prime Minister to nominate his successor. Churchill 'formally tendered advice' that the King should send for Anthony Eden. This satisfied George VI but not for long. Soon he worried again: what should he do if both Churchill and Eden were killed? Once more Churchill 'tendered advice'.

> There can be no doubt that it is the Prime Minister's duty to advise Your Majesty to send for Sir John Anderson.

This surprising suggestion disturbs even Mr Wheeler-Bennett's complacency.

One change of Prime Minister involved a real decision by the King. What should happen after the House of Commons turned against Chamberlain in the early days of May 1940? Here was a rare moment for the King to voice the wishes of his people. On the contrary, George VI supported Chamberlain and sought to keep him in office.

> It is most unfair on Chamberlain to be treated like this after all his good work. The Conservative rebels like Duff Cooper ought to be ashamed of themselves for deserting him at this moment.

The King offered to tell the Labour Party 'that I hoped that they would realise that they must pull their weight and join the Natl Govt'—under Chamberlain's leadership. The resolute negative of Attlee and Greenwood saved the country from this dismal prospect. George then delegated the choice of successor to Chamberlain; and he in turn delegated it to a committee of four – himself, Halifax, Captain Margesson, and Churchill; a strange quartet to find the saviour of the country. Even on 10 May the King clung to Chamberlain: 'I was terribly sorry that all this controversy had happened'. Failing Chamberlain, the King wanted Halifax. 'I thought H. was the obvious man, & that his peerage could be placed in abeyance for the time being.' But H. 'was not enthusiastic'.

> Then I knew that there was only one person whom I could send for to form a Government who had the confidence of the country, and that was Winston.

Such was the reluctance with which George VI appointed the man who was to be the greatest Prime Minister in British history. The episode does little credit to constitutional monarchy.

The King strove incessantly to keep up with political affairs. In the well-worn words of Bagehot, quoted again by Mr Wheeler-Bennett, it was his right to be consulted; to encourage; and to warn. Chamberlain did not always trouble to observe the constitutional proprieties. The King first learnt of Eden's resignation in February 1938 from 'the Beaverbrook and Harmsworth press'. Later that year, Chamberlain announced his departure to Berchtesgaden in a casual postscript and forgot altogether to seek permission for his departure to Munich. Nevertheless he received whole-hearted encouragement from the King. The Munich settlement had no warmer admirer than George VI. He shared, too, Chamberlain's distrust of Soviet Russia, and recorded of his conversation with Roosevelt in June 1939: 'He was definitely anti-Russian. I told him so were we'.

The constitutional maxim was slightly changed when Labour took office. Then George VI thought it his right to be consulted; to discourage; and to warn.

> I told Attlee that he must give the people here some confidence that the Government was not going to stifle all private enterprise.

* *King George VI. His Life and Reign.* By JOHN W. WHEELER-BENNETT. *Macmillan.* 60s.

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JONATHAN CAPE

Again with Herbert Morrison:

> We discussed the whole of the Labour programme. I thought he was going too fast with the new nationalising legislation.

The King exercised decisive influence in one matter connected with the Labour government, despite its curious failure to leave a mark on Lord Attlee's memory. Of their first interview, the King recorded:

> I asked him whom he would make Foreign Secy and he suggested Dr Hugh Dalton. I disagreed with him and said that Foreign Affairs was the most important subject at the moment and I hoped he would make Mr Bevin take it. He said he would.

A memorandum made by the King's private secretary immediately after Attlee's audience confirms the story:

> Mr Attlee mentioned to the King that he was thinking of appointing Mr Dalton to be his Foreign Secretary. His Majesty begged him to think carefully about this, and suggested that Mr Bevin would be a better choice.

Attlee's lapse of memory began at once. When the King told the story to his new Foreign Secretary, Bevin replied that it 'was news to him'. So the country lost a Foreign Secretary who disliked the Germans and a Chancellor of the Exchequer who knew something of economics.

In a longer perspective George VI's reign will mark the end of Empire. Ireland became a republic; and the King asked the Eire Minister of External Affairs: 'Tell me, Mr MacBride, what does this new legislation of yours make *me* in Ireland, an undesirable alien?' India, too, became a republic; but then accepted the King as Head of the Commonwealth – by a strange twist, as Mr Wheeler-Bennett observes, adopting De Valera's principle of 'external association' just when Ireland abandoned it. The Crown retained its position, but in an impersonal way. George VI never visited India; and it is difficult to believe that his visit to South Africa retarded republicanism. The Coronation stone, or any other inanimate object, would do equally well as the symbol of association. For George VI, of course, these symbols had an importance. During the change in India, his main anxiety was when to abandon the 'I.' in his signature.

Against the record of withdrawal, there was one symbol of advance. George VI rescued the Garter from the Prime Minister of the day and made it 'non-political & in my gift'. Britain had lived through the most stirring years in her history. Never had so many citizens devoted themselves to public service. Whom would the King, of his independent will, delight to honour? The first list of his nominations contained the obvious war-leaders. There followed in 1948: the Duke of Portland, Lord Harlech, the Earl of Scarborough, and Lord Cranworth. In 1951 there was a further batch: the Duke of Wellington, Lord Fortescue, and Lord Allendale. Who were these men? What had they done to deserve any honour, let alone the highest in the land? Did they even exist? They belonged to a world of shadows. In this world monarchy too had its being; and Mr Wheeler-Bennett's eight hundred pages make it more shadowy still.

A. J. P. Taylor

Call it a Good Marriage

Call it a good marriage—
For no one ever questioned
Her warmth, his masculinity,
Their interlocking views;
Except one stray graphologist
Who frowned in speculation
At her h's and her s's,
His p's and w's.

Though few would still subscribe
To the monogamic axiom
That strife below the hip-bones
Need not estrange the heart,
Call it a good marriage:
More drew those two together,
Despite a lack of children,
Than pulled them apart.

Call it a good marriage:
They never fought in public,
They acted circumspectly
And faced the world with pride;
Thus the hazards of their love-bed
Were none of our damned business—
Till as jurymen we sat on
Two deaths by suicide.

Robert Graves

Priest and Prophet

A Time to Speak. By Michael Scott. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Gradually, I was becoming aware that over and above the recognised denominations of Christianity . . . there were two kinds of Christianity. There was the religion which was the divine sanction of the *status quo*, and there was the religion which was the divine instrument of change.

It isn't very hard to guess which of the two claimed the allegiance and informed the life of Michael Scott. But the exciting thing about this autobiography is the way in which it shows, sometimes by passages of heart-breaking self-analysis and nearly always by an intensity of style which is really great, how effective an instrument can one man be if he guards his integrity.

I have known the author since 1943: we arrived in South Africa at almost the same moment. Yet, in reading this book, I realise that I have hardly known him at all. And I can only say, with penitence, that perhaps I would have been more use to him in the early days of his magnificent struggle, had I not been myself so closely held captive by a view of the Church's mission which was (I see it now) so hopelessly blinkered by an accepted 'establishment' mind. Having read this book, and having been enthralled by it, I have found myself living again through those events in South Africa of ten to fifteen years ago and wondering how anyone could have been so blind and so stupid as to imagine that the accepted 'missionary approach' would suffice. Yet I was. And, I confess it, there were times when Michael seemed to me to be precisely the 'rather eccentric clergyman' who made such futile gestures as going voluntarily to prison, prying into evil labour conditions to no purpose, and eventually getting himself excluded from South Africa as an undesirable alien. In other words, Michael Scott was ten years ahead of us in vision and in achievement. For this he had to pay the heavy

price of loneliness and misunderstanding from those who ought to have most supported him – his own fellow-Christians. But this has been the lot of all prophets, and will be, I suppose, to the end of time.

The book, like all good autobiography, is an intensely personal record – perhaps rather too personal, sometimes, in its self-reproach. But it is at the same time an essential historical document for the understanding of the South African (and, indeed, African) scene today. What is now hitting the headlines of the world press in the form of a treason trial, or a South African walk-out at UNO, or the emergence of a white nationalism so fanatical that it can exclude European immigration because of its dangerous liberalism – all this was there in embryo when Smuts was governing his country. The chief events with which Michael Scott was involved so deeply were partly local, partly international – but all of them concerned with human rights at a deep level.

The 'squatter movement' in Johannesburg was the symptom of that horrible disease which will one day destroy 'white civilisation' in South Africa: the disease of Dives, who 'fares sumptuously every day' and doesn't give a damn for Lazarus, rotting away with poverty and hunger and misery at his gates. For although it is true that a vast housing project is now being carried through in Johannesburg; although the conditions which provoked 'Tobruk Camp' are no longer the absolutely urgent matter that they were – the squatter movement was not just the result of massive overcrowding in the slums. It was the result of a shattered and broken social order; of the deliberate and callous exploitation of a vast labour force, without consideration for its consequences in the bodies and minds of men. The passive-resistance movement in Durban (which brought Michael Scott to gaol) was also the consequence of an attitude to the Asian community which reflects perfectly white South Africa's supreme contempt for any form of shared society, or for any recognition of its obligations to a minority group which has contributed so much to the country's wealth. But it was more than this. It was, to Michael Scott, a real continuance of what Gandhi himself had initiated. It would be hard to find a finer example of sheer moral courage than Michael's stand, alone, before the mass meeting of farmers and their wives at Bernal, after he had exposed the horror of African labour conditions. And it is very probable that when history comes to be written, the Bernal incident will be seen as one of the largest contributory factors to the defeat of Smuts in the 1948 elections with all that that has meant in succeeding years. But this, too, was symptomatic: for it revealed the hollowness of a policy which called itself 'Christian trusteeship'.

And so to the struggle, still proceeding, for the rights of the Herero people of South-West Africa. For eleven years, at the United Nations, before the International Court, in England, in Europe and elsewhere, Michael Scott has been the single-handed champion of a cause which has been entrusted to him by this African people. He has made Hosea Kutako's prayer his own: 'Give us the courage to struggle in that way for what is right. Oh Lord, help us who roam about. Help us who have been placed in Africa and have no home of our own. Give us back a dwelling place'. If, at last, justice is done in South-West Africa, it will be due to the unwearied and unrewarded efforts of one man. Thank God he is a Christian and a priest!

'Christian and a priest' – and very unorthodox in both capacities! Yet his unorthodoxy is to me, at any rate, not only understandable but in

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many ways most refreshing and stimulating. Although I could not accept his theological positions, nor his view of the institutional element in religion, nor his too-emphatic criticism of a Christian approach differing from his own; and although I believe he is more affected by his own sensitiveness to criticism or difference of view than he realises – producing a kind of 'chip on the shoulder' acidity, occasionally – I yet believe that every Christian, and particularly every Christian minister, ought to read this book and read it carefully.

Somehow the Church must find a new missionary strategy if it is to be effective at all in Africa. It is men like Michael Scott who will help us all to find it – for he has achieved his understanding, his courage, and his steadfastness through *compassion*. And it is, above all, compassion – 'suffering-with' – that the Church needs to realise and make its own today.

TREVOR HUDDLESTON, C.R.

Lynch Law in Bournemouth

People and Parliament. By NIGEL NICOLSON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*

With this monograph on the dispute between the Conservative Member for Bournemouth East and his Constituency Association, Mr Nigel Nicolson has assured himself a place in Parliamentary history. When hundreds of Rt Hons have been forgotten, he will be remembered as the back-bencher who recorded, modestly and meticulously, the details of his own political lynching. Selected to represent one of the safest Tory seats, he supported Mr Silverman's Death Penalty Bill and then opposed Suez. This was too much for the Bournemouth Tories, who summarily expelled him, adopted a new candidate and refused him admission to their meetings.

In such cases both sides of the shield are rarely revealed. It is Mr Nicolson's virtue as a writer (and defect as a politician) that he exposes all his own weaknesses as well as those of his enemies. He makes it clear that he made things much worse for himself by being an unconvinced and unconvincing rebel, who constantly sought to appease authority. Having seconded the Third Reading of Mr Silverman's Bill in the spring, he publicly recanted the following autumn; and during the Suez crisis he was careful not to oppose the Government so long as his vote could make any difference to its actions.

> So subtle is the relationship [of back-benchers and Whips], that a Member will deliberately warn his Whip that he intends to move an amendment against the Government on a Standing Committee, and add, 'Do you think you can get enough of our people together to defeat it?' . . . The Member knows very well that his warning has created confidence in the Whip's mind that he is not the sort of man to gain his object by trickiness.

These are the contortions of a flexible conscience! But I fear that the effect on the Whip was the opposite of that intended. In our two-party system, dependability is the first requirement of the politician. The Whip in Parliament and the Agent outside can understand and even admire the honest-to-God rebel, who is always in trouble. What infuriates them is anyone who tries to make up his mind on the merits of each case and so wobbles between the conflicting motives of principle and ambition.

Mr Nicolson is careful to concede that he may be the wrong representative for Bournemouth East and, if so, the Association has the right to get rid of him. All he pleads is, first, that his expulsion should be decently conducted and, secondly, that the leaders of the Conservative Party in London should publicly disapprove the lynch law to which he has actually been subjected. This is the book not of a political independent who objects to the rigours of the two-party system but of a conformist who feels that the Bournemouth East Conservatives have let the side down.

Actually, as Mr Nicolson himself admits, the lynching was not limited to Bournemouth.

> In the event, eight of us abstained. They were Sir Robert Boothby, Anthony Nutting, Sir Edward Boyle, J. J. Astor, Sir Frank Medlicott, Colonel Banks, William Yates, and myself. From none of us was the whip withdrawn. But within a month, one had resigned his seat in Parliament, one had become an Independent Member, one had previously announced his intention not to stand again, two had been ostracized by their constituency Associations, and two were in deep disgrace with theirs. Only Sir Robert Boothby emerged relatively unscathed.

It should be noted that these Tory nonconformists were not victims of a monolithic party dictatorship. Mr Nicolson was not disciplined by the Conservative Establishment but savaged by the political hoodlums who run the local machine – and the obvious way to prevent this happening is to enforce central discipline on the local Associations. Such a central discipline exists in the Labour Party, where the authority of the National Executive is sufficient to protect any MP from the treatment meted out to Mr Nicolson at Bournemouth.

Mr Nicolson seems quite unaware of this vital difference. Indeed, he assumes throughout *People and Parliament* that, if he had been a Labour MP who had opposed the party line on Suez, he might have fared even worse. Here we can see the baleful influence of Mr Robert McKenzie, whose thesis – argued at length in *British Political Parties* – is that, though the constitutions of the Conservative and Labour Parties are quite different, the distribution of power within them is almost exactly the same. Because he has swallowed this theory whole, Mr Nicolson makes a series of judgments on the Labour Party which bear little relation to fact, or indeed, to his own observations. He assumes that what he writes about himself applies to any MP, irrespective of party. Yet the story he tells reveals on every page how different are the problems of Tory and Socialist back-benchers and what a contrast there is between the freedoms and the disciplines imposed upon each. The Conservative leadership leaves the disciplining of awkward MPs to the lynch law of the constituencies. In the Labour Party lynching has been outlawed – at the cost of subjecting both the constituencies and the MPs to a much severer central discipline.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Dottor Serafico

The Letters of Rainer Maria Rilke and Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis. Translated by NORAH WYDENBRUCK. *Hogarth Press.* 30*s.*

When they first met, Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis was fifty-four and Rilke twenty years younger; their friendship lasted until Rilke's death seventeen years later. Princess Marie was passionately interested in poetry, music and painting, and kept great house both at Duino and Lautschin, where writers and musicians were always made welcome. She often had her sons and her many grandchildren for long visits; she was devoted to them all. Her energy and generosity seemed to be boundless, and they were directed by an unusual intelligence. It was at Duino, which Rilke enjoyed by himself for five months while the Princess was away, that the first two of the great elegies came unexpectedly to him. The other eight, awaited impatiently, did not come until ten years later, in 1922: 'all in a few days'. They were followed almost at once by the fifty-seven *Sonnets to Orpheus*.

But during the first twelve years of his friendship with Princess Marie, Rilke's letters were filled, almost monotonously, with uncertainty and despair. He had just finished the autobiographical *Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, his darkest book. He felt he had written himself out and had nothing more to say, and actually conceived the extraordinary idea of training himself to be a doctor. At the same time he felt he must be quite alone; and yet he went on seeking company, moving from place to place, happy in none of them for long, and occupied, wherever he was, with himself. He fled from an apartment in Venice to Paris, which he loved and feared, to Munich which he never liked very much, to Toledo which he uncomfortably adored for a few weeks, shivering in the cold, and he made a tour of North Africa about which little seems to be known. His health was bad, his illness coloured everything, and his letters became lamentations. Then came the 1914 war; it filled the Princess with fears for her sons in the Austrian army, and anxieties about their children, about Duino, twice shelled and later almost destroyed, about Austria, about the world, and about Rilke. On Rilke the war had quite a different effect; it drove him farther back upon himself; his health grew worse, his lamentations more insistent. Princess Marie replied to them with patience and

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generosity, from the midst of her own anxieties. It was not until four years after the war that the *Duino Elegies* and the *Sonnets to Orpheus* came at last.

In her letters Princess Marie transformed Rilke into the 'Dottor Serafico': she told him she did not feel at home with Rainer or Rilke, and perhaps the fanciful designation made communication easier for her by embodying her idea of the poet, whom she understood and delighted in. Certain of her letters give perhaps an impression of a too insistent kindness and concern, and this may account for Rilke's occasional evasions. Yet it was to her that he first wrote after finishing the elegies in one great burst, telling her that they were to be called the *Duino Elegies*, and that he thought of them as hers. She had a right to the honour, yet whether the elegies contain Rilke's greatest poetry is a matter of doubt. There is great poetry in them, but the intellectual machinery is so strange, so almost ridiculous, with the Arabian angels, the idea of the visible being transformed into the invisible, that the splendour of the verse seems often to be uncertainly suspended over a mere idiosyncrasy of the imagination.

The correspondence, now admirably translated by Norah Wydenbruck, shows that Princess Marie and Rilke had much to give to each other. He gave her his genius, and 'Dottor Serafico', but not, one feels, Rainer or Rilke, and she responded with boundless kindness and understanding, patiently answering his outcries:

> It is terrible: the mice of grief on one side, and the vultures of emotion on the other have devoured my memory between them; I look for it but it is impossible to ascertain where it used to be. . . .

Once she assures him that every human being is lonely and must not seek help in other people but find it in himself. Yet it is seldom that she was driven to such lengths; her kindness was too great and she knew that Rilke needed encouragement, not reproach.

EDWIN MUIR

Straight from the Nick

Bang to Rights. By FRANK NORMAN. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

So far as I know, this is the first book about life in an English prison to give voice to the barely articulate suffering, ribaldry, and resignation (not to mention the all too articulate hatred) of the *real* core of the prison population, the 'working crooks' who hold season tickets on the Black Marias. Mr Frank Norman, a Cockney costermonger's son who had served four prison sentences before he was twenty-four, writes as most of them talk, but with the wildest spelling (mercifully left alone by the publishers), with a delectable sense of the ludicrous, and where necessary with a modest row of dots; and without apparent effort he makes all the attempts of his numberless predecessors in the writing of prison dialogue seem clumsy and spurious. At the same time he brings much of the narrative skill and style of Rabelais, W. W. Jacobs, O. Henry, Fred Bason and Damon Runyon to the plain business of telling his stories:

> But there you are you can never tell about birds they are just about as difficult to understand as Insteins' theory on rentivity, is. There was one geezer who's old woman gave him the belt so often that he never new where he was half the time. She would write him a letter one week and tell him to drop dead, at this he would write back and tell her to get stuffed. She would then write back and say she didn't mean it and would he forgive her, at this he would write back again and say he loved her more than anything else in the world. And then all would go well for maybe a month or so, then all-of-a-sudden she would write and tell him to drop dead again. . . .

For the sake of general readers (may they be legionary) this book should have contained a glossary. 'Bird', for instance, means time – 'bird lime' – as well as girl (in which latter respect, outside prison, it is about as dead as 'flapper'), and Mr Norman sometimes uses both its meanings in one sentence. 'Peter', by which he means cell, is better known as the word for an office safe, and there is an odd collection of epithets for the various kinds of imprisonment introduced by the Criminal Justice Act 1948 – as to which Mr Norman's account of 'corrective training' will make irksome reading for the Prison Commissioners.

But 'there is one thing in the nick that cannot be blamed on to the Commissioners', he says in his only magnanimous reference to them, 'and that is your fellow prisoners. It is well known that you have to watch the men in grey far closer than those in blue, and trust them less'. Which reminds me that I made the social error of reading this book in the train, and though I can't remember the last time I laughed aloud when reading, Mr Norman sent me out into the corridor several times to escape startled and suspicious scrutiny in a crowded carriage:

> As I have said before one of the main pass-times in the nick is reading, and it is amazing the book's that the geezers do read. I was sitting on the stairs one day when a pal of my'n came up to me and asked me if I'd read some book called the Vision of Dante Alighieri. . . . 'It's all about this geezer

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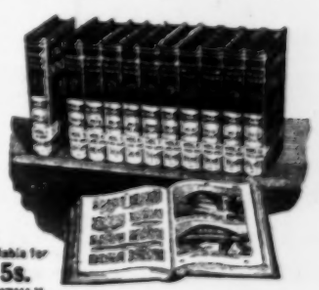

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who goes to hell and he meet's another geezer down there called Virgil or something, and they make dirty great speaches at each other. Then this Dante geezer goes to Pergatory and after he's been hanging around there for a bit, he creaps of to Paradise like a good un.'

This book is scrupulously unfair to the 'screws', the governors, the chaplains and others, but the sense of fairness is not given much nourishment among the predominantly young men in the criminal fringe, and Mr Norman has made me wonder how 'fair' I myself would be after a series of prison sentences that began with a 'suspected person' conviction. For his book is much more than I have yet implied. It goes further than many a literate *cri de cœur* in the promotion of anxiety about the whole prison set-up and the stage army of recidivists for whom it seems able, and indeed designed, to do so little. I've seldom read anything more illustrative of their attitude to society than Mr Norman's account of the way to light a cigarette in your peter when you have no matches:

> All you have to do is get a peice of toilet paper and fold it into a thin spill, you then get eather a peice of lead out of a pencil or a bit of silver paper, you then make a hole about half an inch or so from the top of your spill of toilet paper and insert the peice of lead or silver paper, now comes the dojie part by which you take out of it's socket, you then shove the paper into the socket this causes a short which makes a big flash of blue flame this sets the paper on fire, and there you are your laughing. The only thing is you'v got a good chance of fewsing all the lights in the nick and this has a good chance of causeing a riot, but anyway you get a light.

Anyway you get a light; and you didn't ask to be in there with a thin cigarette and no matches.

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HAMISH HAMILTON

Ruthless Realism

The Russian Revolution. By ALAN MOOREHEAD. *Collins* and *Hamish Hamilton*. 30s.

The Twilight of Imperial Russia. By RICHARD CHARQUES. *Phoenix House*. 25s.

On the blurb of *The Russian Revolution* we are told that 'Alan Moorehead's is the first book to appear in English which concentrates on telling the story of what happened'. This seems to ignore the admirable and well documented work, with the same title, by W. H. Chamberlin. But Chamberlin's book came out twenty years ago, and, eminently readable as it is, it is perhaps too long and too scholarly for serialisation in *Life*. Furthermore *Life's* editors wished to include results of research now being carried out at Georgetown University on the German Ministry of Foreign Affairs files dealing with German relations with the Russian revolutionaries. Some work on these files has been done elsewhere and certain documents have been published. Mr Moorehead, however, bases part of his chapters 8 and 11 on as yet unpublished records and it is difficult to assess his conclusions without seeing the documents themselves. One would, for instance, need more hard evidence than is here produced to accept as a fact that Lenin was in receipt of German funds during 1916. But at least these two chapters may arouse interest and controversy and stimulate further research on the German material and its Russian revolutionary background.

In a modest and skilful preface Mr Moorehead disclaims specialist qualifications and says 'No doubt many errors or at any rate statements that are still open to debate remain in the text'. There are in fact quite a number of both and these are fairly certain to be pointed out; professional historians are naturally apt to grow restive when outsiders cash in on their preserves. However, the primary object in view was to tell the story of the Russian Revolution to readers of *Life;* and Mr Moorehead, though presumably somewhat pressed for time, has, as was to be expected, done a thoroughly competent piece of work. A lot of ground is covered. There is no padding. The narrative is clear and taut, the writing lively and vivid. And the account that he gives of a complicated and controversial piece of history is, in the main essentials, fair and balanced.

The Twilight of Imperial Russia covers the reign of Nicholas II and thus goes over much the same ground as Professor Seton-Watson's *Decline of Imperial Russia* (which, rather curiously, is not mentioned). *The Twilight* is a narrative history addressed primarily to the educated layman: its value for students would be increased by reference notes and a more ample bibliography. But it is informative and well written, and the story of the last phase of the Romanovs is as movingly told as anything in Mr Moorehead's book.

Foreign affairs are briefly summarised, and little space is given to the development of the revolutionary parties on which, of course, a great number of books have been written. Mr Charques is mainly concerned with the Court, the administration and, in particular, with the emergence, the aspirations and the failures of the Russian liberals. Unless and until an English translation appears of Dr Victor Leontowitsch's masterly *Geschichte des Liberalismus in Russland* it is useful to have an account of how the doctrinaire and uncompromising line of Miliukov and the radicals prevailed over Maklakov's more cautious and realistic approach.

The treatment of politics as 'the art of the impossible' was not, of course, peculiar to the Russian liberals. It was the legacy of much of Russian nineteenth-century political thinking, and was fully shared by the Socialist parties whom the Liberals repeatedly and so unwisely co-opted as allies. It was this same rigidity of mind and this same reluctance to face unwelcome facts which, under the Provisional Government, was to cause Russia to become ungoverned and to go the way of becoming almost ungovernable; and which was to place the anti-Bolshevik romantics, from Kolchak and Denikin to Chernov and Chaikovsky, under so great a disadvantage when opposed to the ruthless realism of Leninism.

DAVID FOOTMAN

In the Steps of the Masters

A Picture History of Archæology. By C. W. CERAM. *Thames & Hudson*. 42s.

Every popularised science gets the century it deserves, and it is no accident that a society capable of blowing itself to smithereens should, in its cultural and recreational moments, have found a fresh interest in the art of salvaging the past. Mr Glyn Daniel's megaliths, Mr Cottrell's radio serials, the attributions of the Abbé Breuil (the 'B.B.' of prehistory), Sir Mortimer Wheeler's charm – our intelligent lay interest in these matters is the symptom of a common and amiable psychosis. Subconciously aware of the Furies that science is unleashing all round us, we edge further into the womb of Sumer, negligently patting the mosaics, fingering the tablets, staring into the death-pit and measuring the dimensions of the Tower of Babel.

Herr Ceram's book is an excellent introduction to this learned and engrossing new world. As he says, he is not a scientist but a writer and his book is based on a literary principle – 'reality seen through a temperament'. Obviously a study of this length cannot be complete and even the amateur can recognise some of the more obvious gaps in it. But as a stimulant to further study it is quite admirable – and extraordinarily good value for the money. Each of the 326 illustrations (sixteen of them in colour) has been chosen with strict reference to the text and I have never seen the two fused so completely and so successfully in a work of this kind. His 'In the Steps of the Masters' method is the one best suited to bring out the full tragi-comi-heroic flavour of this relatively young science with its roll-call of scholars, dilettanti, strong-arm men, missionaries, code-breakers and water-colourists.

Here, at the fountain-head, is poor Winckelmann, 'the Father of Archaeology', in his Russian wolf's pelt, flanked by a bust of Homer and a print of Antinous – murdered at Trieste at the age of 51, 'by a stranger with whom he had unwisely taken up'. On, by way of Pompeii and its treasures, to Schliemann, also in furs, the stupendous millionaire who resurrected Mycenae and Tiryns, sighted the 'Palace of Minos', and pioneered the excavations at Troy. In 1882 Dörpfeld came to assist him in the Troad. 'Henceforth,' remarks Herr Ceram dryly, 'deliberation and method rather than wild enthusiasm govern the procedure of the excavations.' Ten years late (I quote from Mr Cottrell's book, *The Bull of Minos*), Arthur Evans wrote to his wife:

> I am glad to find Myres here . . . *and* Burdett Coutts . . . We worked at Mycenaean rings, grubbed under the 'Pelasgian' wall of the Acropolis, picked up fragments of pre-Mycenaean cases. Hear Dörpfeld lecture on his discovery of the

fountain of Enneakrounos; but he has been finding it at different spots for months.

The thrust of the generations is unresting even for archaeologists.

Champollion the Indomitable poring over the Rosetta Stone; Petrie the Indefatigable, living out long years in the desert on tapioca and ship's biscuit while he sifted shards and triangulated the pyramids; Grotefend, the unequipped and ignored schoolmaster who deciphered Penapolitan cuneiform and performed his task so unobtrusively that it had to be done over again by Sir Henry Rawlinson – all the heroes are here, along with the great tomb-breakers such as Belzoni (6ft 7in, formerly of Astley's Circus) who bashed his way into the Pyramid of Chephren, or Colonel Richard Howard-Vyse, who 'forced his way into the pyramids with *gunpowder* and bored deep holes into the Sphinx to see whether it was hollow.' By contrast, here is Sir Leonard Woolley in the royal cemetery at Ur (1922):

> . . . He took the amazingly strong-minded step of putting off work on it, not surrendering to curiosity, opposing the powerful urge to follow up a discovery so obviously important. In fact he waited four years while pursuing other work. In justification of this decision he points out that the diggers were raw and clumsy, and that for the clearing of a cemetery skilled labour is essential; again, his own party was new to the country and had not time to secure proper influence over the men, for whom the temptation of small gold objects was irresistible. But the decisive argument for postponing work on the graves was this: very little indeed was known of Mesopotamian archæology, so little that the objects from these graves were vaguely dated by such authorities as Woolley could consult to the Neo-Babylonian, or, as more probable, to the Persian period, and though he could form no alternative theory he felt that this was doubtful in the extreme. The more rich the cemetery promised to be, the more necessary it was to leave it alone until external evidence had given a more or less definite chronology.

This is the miraculous restraint of the true seeker after knowledge.

JOHN RAYMOND

New Novels

Angry Harvest. By HERMANN FIELD and STANISLAW MIERZENSKI. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

A Ripple from the Storm. By DORIS LESSING. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

Lindy. By BASIL DAVIDSON. *Cape.* 16*s.*

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning. By ALAN SILLITOE. *W. H. Allen.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Mutiny. By FRANK TILSLEY. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

One generally reviews novels as more or less detached from the circumstances in which they were written, but the history of *Angry Harvest* is too curious to be passed over. Its authors met in a prison cell in Warsaw in 1949. Hermann Field, an American architect who had gone to Poland to try to find his brother, had been abducted by the Polish Security Police; he was imprisoned and kept without trial for five years – then released with apologies and compensation. Stanislaw Mierzenski was a Polish Catholic journalist, former intelligence officer in the underground against the Germans, arrested on some imaginary suspicion; he too was released with apologies.

Their common language was German. At first to pass the time they took turns at composing serials in whispers. Then they settled down to full-scale collaboration, one of the oddest surely in the history of fiction, very far removed from the cosy fireside symbiosis of Somerville and Ross or Besant and Rice. Mierzenski would narrate in German and Field would re-compose in English. In this way they wrote three novels of which *Angry Harvest* is the first to be published. It is an impressive novel by any standards; to have produced it under those conditions is a literary feat. They may have chosen the setting, which is a remote part of the Polish countryside under Nazi occupation, to relieve their sense of confinement, but the result is the opposite of escapist.

This is a tragic story with a strong sense of spiritual claustrophobia, that is perhaps an expression of their captivity. It concerns the relations between Leon Wolny, a gawky, rather servile middle-aged farmer who happens by luck, not evil management, to have done well out of the war, and Rosa, a young Jewish woman refugee from the ghetto and the Gestapo. He treats her according to his lights with an all too human mixture of good nature, fawning, lechery and selfishness. The way in which she adapts herself to becoming his mistress is nicely conveyed. Her reaction of suicide to his betrayal, when he wants to be rid of her so as to make a useful farmer's marriage, is not excessive under the circumstances. This is one of those bitter personal tragedies with no catharsis to it. The fact that it is encapsulated, as it were, within the Nazi occupation of the countryside, makes it a horror that no amount of sympathetic non-judging detachment can do much to relieve. The role of the German army may seem underplayed but life on farms is likely to be less affected by war than life in towns.

Doris Lessing's novels have acquired that quality of intelligent solidity which denotes the writer who is well into her second wind with any amount of power in reserve. *A Ripple from the Storm* is arranged round the misadventures of a Communist party branch in an African – Rhodesian, presumably – state during the second half of the war when Soviet popularity was booming on account of Stalingrad and joint committees of aid ranged all the way round the political clock. Martha Quest, the young enthusiast of whose experiences this book is the third instalment, is heart and soul with the party. She even marries Anton, a displaced German communist intellectual, the brain of the branch. This type of itinerant dedicated pedant was a feature of the political landscape of the period; Anton with his passion for analysing the situation and his rather pathetic rigidity is a perfect example of the species. Doris Lessing has caught him to the life. By contrast there is the undisciplined group from the RAF camp, demanding action and more relations with the coloureds until the hot dusty air of the little office gets thicker with accusations and counter-accusations of Trotskyism There is a wide variety of non-communist characters, African as well as white; all, including the most establishment-minded of the colonial officials, are treated with sympathetic insight. There is no clearly defined pattern of action but something is going on all the time; character and the masculine-feminine conflict can be revealed even in the least significant-seeming squabble. The peculiar mood of that time and place is most accurately trapped.

Both Mr Davidson and Mr Sillitoe are writing about English working-class life today, though from rather different approaches, Mr Davidson's being the more didactic. *Lindy* is about the effect of the American Air Force Camp on the East Anglian way of life. We see it only through the narrator's eyes. She is the daughter of Poppy, a combination of milkmaid, procuress and nature goddess, and a girl's worst enemy if ever a mother was one, in whom it is just not quite possible to believe. Poppy and her old fancy man, Ted, organise parties with tarts for the Yanks who are nice, simple, friendly fellows, particularly Dook. Lindy suffers a bit, then goes to live with Ted's young son Jacob. The end is an unexpected violent incident. This is a most carefully written, socially serious novel. Perhaps one of the reasons why it is not altogether convincing is the curiously old-fashioned Lorna Dooneish style of some of Lindy's narration, in such contrast to the contemporary detail.

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning makes an immediate impression of being very much the real thing. This is a most promising first novel by a young working-class writer. It is a study of Arthur Seaton, a twenty-two year old Nottingham factory worker. A natural public-bar hedonist, Arthur earns a good wage and spends it at week-ends, boozing, making love to married women and getting beaten up by their husbands. Yet it is impossible not to like this proletarian Don Giovanni; he has the charm of a naughty dog. When it transpires that he has been only sowing wild oats and he settles down abruptly, at the end, it is a deep relief to feel that he is going to be adequately protected. What is so good about the book is the vividness of the detailed description of pub, factory and kitchen life, and the statement of the working-class attitude of instinctive anarchism, of 'it's all a racket', typified by those winks which you see the cynical toilers exchanging in factory and yard. The style is

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effectively clear and blunt, as if it had been written with a carpenter's pencil on wallpaper. This is all the more of a *tour de force* as Mr Sillitoe is plainly highly educated. I hope we shall hear more of him.

The late Frank Tilsley's posthumously published *Mutiny* is a gusty but grisly excursion into naval life at sea behind the rope's-end curtain, or what children's history books used to call the Wooden Walls of Old England. Why the eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century ships' crews did not mutiny far more often, the naval historians do not seem to have explained. The atrocious floggings on a bad ship are described here in hideous detail but not, I should think, in the least exaggerated. Meanwhile in the gunroom a sadistic lieutenant prosecutes his feud with the captain by having his twelve-year-old midshipman son caned again and again. This, you feel, is not quite how things were on board a floating hell. Tilsley made it very readable, though his sado-masochistic preoccupation seems to have been ominously strong.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Recent books on language include V. H. Collins's *Second Book of English Idioms* (Longmans, 12s. 6d.), Ivor Brown's *Words in our Time* (Cape, 10s. 6d.), G. L. Brook's *History of the English Language* (Deutsch, 15s) and Eric Partridge's *First Book of Quotations* (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.).

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,495 **Set by Junius**

Competitors are invited to sharpen the edge of their satire, and compose a verse comment on any current item of news, political or social. Limit 16 lines, entries by 28 October.

Result of No. 1,492 **Set by Bangor**

In Hollywood, according to Mr Edmund Wilson, the degrees of excellence are *good, fabulous, fantastic.* Competitors are invited to provide, along the same lines, the comparative and superlative of three of the following adjectives: wet, plain (=unlovely), lazy, foolish, phoney, intolerant, drunk, rich, chic, vain, greedy, mean, refined. The usual prizes for the best set of three.

Report

Competitive, emulous, New Statesmanlike . . . and yet I confess to a slight feeling of disappointment. Perhaps this competition did not fire the imagination of the entrants to their wonted fine frenzy; perhaps the weather, the approach of winter or that universal whipping-boy, the *bomb,* was responsible for a largely $\beta+$ entry. There were good things, of course, such as C. L. Brooks's heart-felt 'wet – 1957 – 1958', and W. Cruden's 'rich – super-taxed – exiled'. I noted with pleasure, too, James Robertson Justice's 'foolish – Liberal – Tory'.

Living people who figured in the lists included the Dockers and Messrs Onassis and Gulbenkian (rich), Mr Dulles (foolish) and the Prime Minister (the superlative of refined).

Discarded only at the final call-over were:

Plain – interesting – exotic (R. Savile).
Lazy – workshy – striking (Vera Telfer).
Intolerant – exclusive – dictatorial (E. J. Roberts).
Wet – sloppy – soppy (Adrienne Gascoigne).
Plain – homely – heart-warming (Russell Edwards.
Refined – culturomanic – culturophobic (Nimai Chatterji).
Mean – tight – hermetic (James S. Fidgen).
Plain – 48, 48, 48 – married (William Ewen).
Vain – star-ego'd – Liberaceal (R. A. McKenzie).
Intolerant – American – McCarthian (Mikael Bredsdorff).
Chic – smashing – phee-ew!!! (Allan M. Laing).

M. H., Barbara Roe, A. Orley, Desmond Skirrow, Ted Salt and William McCoy share the prize-money, winning by a hair's breadth from H. A. C. Evans, W. Andrew, William Ewen, Nimai Chatterji, R. N. Exton and Vera Telfer.

Wet – torrential – holiday.
Intolerant – fanatical – faubous.
Rich – dockerish – onassic.

A. ORLEY

Rich – possible – eligible.
Drunk – exasperating – intolerable.
Chic – ludicrous my dear – outrageous.

BARBARA ROE

Lazy – largo – adagio.
Refined – affettuoso – maestoso.
Drunk – tremolo – pizzicato.

M. H.

Chic – skinnier – skeletal.
Rich – Jaguer – Diordrest.
Foolish – Foster – Dullest.

DESMOND SKIRROW

Chic – shorter – barest.
Foolish – naive – honest.
Drunk – anonymous – methylated.

TED SALT

Plain – repulsive – Cert. H.
Lazy – static – horizontal.
Rich – ubiquitous – bored.

WILLIAM MCCOY

City Lights

Aurea Mediocritas

There it is, a surplus of £334m. in six months. How was it done? By selling more abroad? Not at all. The oil companies, it is true, earned rather more in the first half of this year than in the Suez-muddled first half of 1957, but exports were lower, investment income was lower, defence aid and offshore purchases were lower, income from shipping was lower. Our earnings fell: the surplus appeared because our expenditure fell still further. The slump in raw material prices enabled us to buy exactly the same quantity of goods as a year before for £190m. less (two-thirds of it) at the expense of Commonwealth countries.

The fall in commodity prices, then, presented us with a mammoth surplus on a plate. But even a large current surplus, the experience of last year demonstrated, is compatible with a foreign exchange crisis: stability depends not merely on the size of the surplus but on what it is used for, and the contrast between 1957 and 1958 is as sharp in one direction as the other. The exchange controls which Mr Thorneycroft forced on a reluctant Grandma a year ago are still in force; £100m. of funk money has not poured through the Kuwait Gap into dollar securities this year and the refusal of overdraft facilities to foreign speculators has caused the outstanding volume of acceptance credit to drop by £60m. With the imposition of controls, heavy borrowing, and the weakness of the dollar, speculative pressure against sterling has all but disappeared. Countries outside the sterling area have this year added nearly £80m. to their London balances, while the cost of supporting the transferable pound in free markets and supplying Europe with dollar goods in exchange for sterling has dropped by £70m. Moreover, those Commonwealth countries who have been running down their reserves borrowed sizeable sums from the IMF and the World Bank, from America, Germany and Russia. The gold reserve rose by £287m. in the first half of this year and has risen further since. Given a windfall slump in raw material prices, the trick was done by stopping up exchange control loopholes, borrowing enough dollars to frighten off the speculators, and persuading Commonwealth countries to borrow elsewhere.

So there's no merit to claim and no temptation to pretend that a surplus is a good thing in itself. Nobody invests in a heap of gold if he can help it, particularly when the investment involves the loss of much more in output. Expansion, even in Tory electioneering terms, is a better slogan than convertibility. The balance of payments has been more than safeguarded and will no longer serve as an excuse for not doing all the things that need doing. This sort of thing, in any case, hurts our neighbours as much as it hurts us. The world supply of gold and dollars is absurdly limited, and a large share of the recent outflow has gone to Britain. Yet Britain is running a record payments surplus in the middle of a trade recession. Instead of complaining about the bad creditor policies of other people we should be cutting our surplus, or lending more abroad.

Policies which serve nobody's interests are unlikely to work. Whether or not import prices are turning, the difficulties of our customers are beginning to have a marked effect on the demand for British goods. We can choose. We can boost demand at home and lend more abroad, risking some drop in the gold reserve; or we can carry on as at present, risking a worse drop in the gold reserve and a deepening of the recession.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

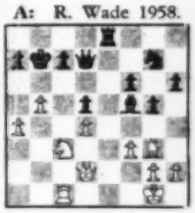
No. 466. Alekhine Called It Immortal

To have played a game that was likened to Andersen's 'Immortal' and praised for the unsurpassed beauty of its sacrificial combination must have been pleasing indeed, more so when such fulsome praise came from Alexander Alekhine, reigning world champion at the time the game was played. That was in 1930, and the winner was one Hussong, a gifted young player, to be sure, but nowhere near grandmaster rank and thereby providing the delightful thought that, with a bit of luck, any one of us may yet be blessed by some such glory.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, P-QR3; (4) B-B4 [transposing a Ruy into a sort of Guioco], Kt-B3; (5) P-Q3, B-B4; (6) B-K3, P-Q3; (7) QKt-Q2, B-K3; (8) KBxB, PxB; (9) BxB, PxB [Hussong didn't bother about some isolated double-pawns, so long as he could control some strong points and open files]; (10) Kt-B4, Kt-Q2; (11) P-QR4, Q-B3; (12) P-B3, 0-0; (13) 0-0, QR-Q1; (14) P-R5, Kt-K2; (15) Q-Kt3, Kt-KKt3!; (16) QxP [It has been suggested to make QxKtP a punishable offence, but as often as not, it is that kind of greedy grab that produces brilliancies], Kt-B5; (17) Kt-K1, Q-Kt4; (18) K-R1, R-B3; (19) Kt-K3, R(1)-KB1; (20) QxBP, R(1)-B2; (21) Q-B8 ch, Kt-B1; (22) QxBP, Q-R4; (23) R-KKt1, QxP ch! [What Alekhine found so fascinating about this game was not the fairly conventional Q-sacrifice but rather the logic and the beauty of its consequences appearing about half a dozen moves later]; (24) KxQ, R-R3 ch; (25) K-Kt3, Kt-K7 ch; (26) K-Kt4, R-B5 ch; (27) K-Kt5, R-R7 [Now the brutal threat of mate by . . . P-R3 forces White to unload some of his ill-gotten gains]; (28) QxKt ch, KxQ; (29) Kt-B3, P-R3 ch; (30) K-Kt6, K-Kt1! [Simple enough and yet threatening mate again]; (31) KtxR, R-B4!! etc.

Speaking of fireworks, there were a good many of them produced by my old friend Kurt Richter; and here is one of them which Paul Schlensker in his *Schach-Echo* column rightly ranks among the 'creative combinations'. Playing Black, Richter blithely proceeded, by means of . . . P-Q5, to present his opponent with the far from gratuitous gift of the exchange; and after (1) P-K5, KtxP; (2) BxR, QxB he had one of those favourite positions, quite evidently pregnant with combinative possibilities. The sequel was (3) B-B4, Kt-Q6!; (4) BxB, KtxBP!, and now, obviously, KxKt would be punished by . . . Kt-K5 ch, followed by . . . KtxKt and a double-threat of mate. (5) Q-B3 seemed an adequate resource, but it was of no avail against . . . Kt-R6 ch!; (6) K-Kt2, B-Kt2; (7) Kt-K4 [none of the alternative moves being any better], BxKt; (8) RxB, Kt-Kt4; (9) Q-K2?, Kt(3)xR, and White resigned. His last move, of course, was a blunder, but the position was beyond redemption anyhow.

A: R. Wade 1958.



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White (playing blindfold!) forced the issue neatly by a double sacrifice. For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B** and **C** are easy as well as pleasing, both wins, the one by smothered mate (with a lovely 'echo'), the other by a double Q-offer. Usual prizes. Entries by 27 October.

B: Köhnlein-Chéron 1914.

C: Henri Rinck 1934

REPORT on No. 463. Set 27 September

A: (1) . . . P x P??; (2) Q x BP ch!! etc

B: (1) R-B4, Q-R6; (2) Kt-Q4 ch, K-Kt3; (3) R-Kt8 ch, K-B1; (4) R-Kt5 ch, K-Q3; (5) R-Q5 ch, K-K2; (6) R-QR5! etc

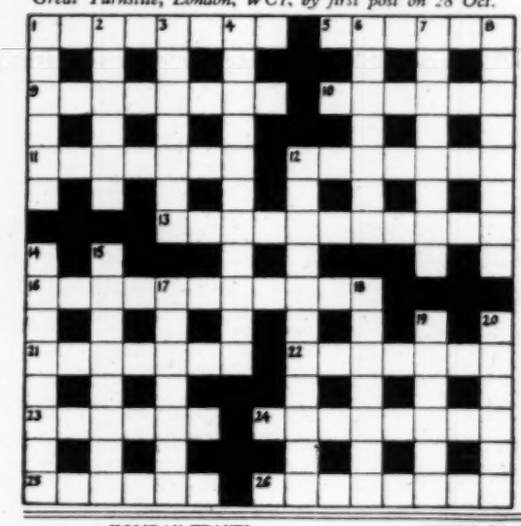
C: (1) R-R2 ch, K-Kt4; (2) R-Kt2 ch, Kt-Kt6!; (3) R x Kt ch! (R x Q?) K-R5!; (4) R-Kt8! (R-Kt7?), Q-Kt6 ch; (5) K-B7!, Q-K4; (6) R-R1 ch, Q x R; (7) R-R8 ch etc

Masses of correct solutions. Prizes: J. W. Eccleson, J. P. Ford, G. Lines, A. Sudhakaran, A. J. Sobey, A. G. Smith. While I am abroad for a month or two entries, to be forwarded in time, must reach the office by 2nd post Monday.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 325

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 325, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 28 Oct.



ACROSS

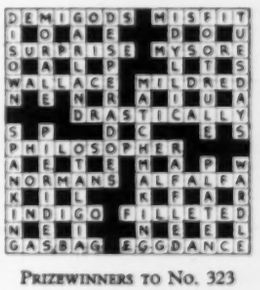
1. Believes easily and spreads the seed extramurally (8).
5. Webster is good in Manchester United's reverse (6).
9. Greed makes a place go on strike (8).
10. Imprisonment makes one conservative in clothing (6).
11. Vessel which might provide a Jew with rain (7).
12. The fool in the little room is a publisher (7).
13. Birds who have courage in the forests (11).
16. Countrymen perhaps drown in the water at first (11).
21. Possible counter for defeat (7).
22. Port for a doctor who doesn't look so healthy (7).
23. Exactly as an archdeacon in a cathedral city (6).
24. Prophets hit back about their obscurity (8).
25. Strength is returning with the latest bulletin (6).
26. Perseveres like nearly all ruined spinsters (8).

DOWN

1. Tubes for hats (6).
2. Mountain drink with something sharp in it (6).
3. Complaint which makes a cricketer talk a lot (7).
4. The stream provides something to drink with part of the meal (11).
6. Kind of acid which finally makes us like this (7).
7. Became more profound as an oriental writer in action (8).
8. 'That goddess blind, that stands upon the rolling —— stone' (*Henry V*) (8).
12. A bit of money on a contest for fine writing (11).
14. Is splendid although it has rubbish in the middle (8).
15. If there is a possibility of sun on the lemon squash it is not serious (8).
17. Schoolboy who has a success over the backward (7).
18. Sausages for the battlefield (7).
19. Difficult situation in which credit is doubled (6).
20. Knobs for those who are the tops (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 323



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Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1.

The closing date for the receipt of applications is 15 November, 1958.

CHILD CARE OFFICER TRAINING

Trained CHILD CARE OFFICERS are urgently needed. One-year courses at Birmingham, Liverpool and Southampton Universities and the London School of Economics are available to holders of social science, teaching, or health visiting qualifications. Graduates in other subjects and with suitable experience can also be considered. Grants are available towards fees and maintenance. For courses starting October, 1959, candidates are asked to apply before 31 January. Information from Central Training Council in Child Care, Room 518 (44D) Horseferry House, London, SW1.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF READING
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited for the post of Child Care Officer. Salary APT1 (£575 × £30 to £725), starting point according to experience and qualifications. Home Office Child Care Certificate (Visiting Officers) or Social Science qualification essential. Further particulars and application form from Children's Officer, 22 Market Place, Reading.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT
REQUIRED IN PARIS

Applications are invited for the post of PA to an Englishman holding a senior position in the permanent international civil service in Paris.

Requirements: previous secretary/PA appointments; capacity for hard work; sustained high speeds in shorthand and typing essential; good French; interest in political questions; over 25.

Curriculum vitae to be sent to the Head of Personnel, Assembly of Western European Union, Palais de Chaillot, Paris, 16.

SENIOR Clinical Psychologist. Amended Notice. The Royal Albert Hospital Management Committee invite applications for the post of Senior Clinical Psychologist (1,118 male and female mental defective beds.) The duties include the following: In co-operation with the Medical Superintendent, to develop the psychological service within the two hospitals in the Group, and to extend social rehabilitation in respect of appropriate grades of patient. Where possible emphasis will be placed upon the therapeutic and educational aspects, and the psychological department will take an active part in designing and supervising such schemes. The clinical work will include personality assessment, besides psychometric testing, together with scope for individual and joint research. The Hospital has a link with the University of Manchester, in that it is partly responsible for the teaching of D.P.M. students and Psychiatric Social Workers. In addition, practical and theoretical training are given to students in preparation for the Diploma of the National Association for Mental Health; the Hospital also has a large and active Nurse Training School. Candidates should possess a Degree in Psychology. Preference will be given to those of Honours status, with post-graduate experience. Salary scale £1,050—£1,445 per annum, NHS Whitley Council Conditions of Service, National Health Service Superannuation Scheme. A cottage will be available for a married officer. Applications, stating full particulars, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent not later than 22 November 1958, to the Group Secretary, Royal Albert Hospital, Lancaster, from whom any further information may be obtained.

CAREERS Problems. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1 WEL 8017.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Producer, Current Affairs Talks Department. Duties include initiation of talks and discussion programmes with particular regard to the fields of industry and economics. Essential qualifications include a good education and some evidence of specialist interest or of relevant experience in the fields mentioned above. Experience of production work a valuable asset. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.835, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

SENIOR Scientific Officers (a): Scientific Officers (b). Pensionable posts for men and women in major scientific fields, including meteorology and geophysics (frequent overseas surveys). A few vacancies for biologists including specialised posts in taxonomy of invertebrate animals, fungus systematics, plant pathology and one post for a taxonomic botanist (Pteridophyta). Also a few posts in Home Office for Chemists and Physicists in Forensic Science field and one post for Mathematician/Physicist to work on Civil Defence problems. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree in science, mathematics or engineering, or equivalent attainment; additionally, for (a), at least 3 years' relevant (e.g. post-graduate) experience. Normal age limits: (a) between 26 and 31, (b) between 21 and 28 with extensions for regular Forces service and Overseas civil service. London salaries (men): (a) £1,190-£1,410, (b) £635-£1,110. Five-day week generally. Write Civil Service Commission, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting (a) S.53/58, (b) S.52/58.

MINISTRY of Supply Research and Development Establishments, mainly in southern half of England, require (a) Senior Scientific Officers (min. age 26) and (b) Scientific Officers for work in physics, electronics, electrical or mechanical engineering, applied mathematics, aerodynamics, chemistry or metallurgy. 1st or 2nd class hons. degree or equiv. required and for SSO at least 3 years' post-graduate experience. Starting salary in range (a) £1,130 – £1,330, (b) £595 – £1,050 (male, in provinces). Rates for women reaching equality in 1961. Superannuation under FSSU. Opportunity for those under 32 to compete for established posts. Candidates should indicate fields of work in which interested. At National Gas Turbine Establishment, Pyestock, Hants., houses available for letting to married staff, and opportunities for new graduates to have workshop training. Forms from MLNS Technical and Scientific Register K, 26 King Street, London, SW1 (quote A.300/8A).

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Chair of Education. Applications are invited for the Chair of Education (English medium). The professor should preferably be able to give formal lectures in the Philosophy or and History and Administration of Education and in the method of certain science subjects. In addition to demonstration lessons to students he will be required to assist in the supervision of students' practice teaching in schools, and to undertake and supervise educational research in the department. The salary scale is £1,600 × 100 – £2,000 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). Applications should state age, experience, qualifications and research work completed or in progress and should give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and details about the faculty of eduction should be obtained), not later than 12 November, 1958. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Lecturer in Social Anthropology. Applications are invited for the post of lecturer in the Department of Social Anthropology, School of African Studies. The salary scale is £850 × £50—£1,200 per annum. There is also a temporary cost-of-living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience and research work completed or in progress and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment, etc., should be obtained) not later than 15 November 1958. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

GENERAL Secretary reqd for Woolwich Council of Social Service. Applics to WCSS, 71 Rectory Place, London, SE18, stating qualifications, exper, and salary reqd.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Social Anthropology. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in the Department of Social Anthropology. Salary scale £700 × £50 to £850 per annum, with superannuation benefit and family allowance where applicable. The appointment will be for one year from December 1958, in the first instance, with the possibility of renewal. Candidates should preferably have completed a piece of post graduate research in either Social Anthropology or Sociology. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be lodged not later than 31 October 1958. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Applications are invited for the post of London Tutor, for the Diploma Course for Teachers of the Mentally Handicapped (in Occupation Centres, Mental Deficiency Hospitals, or in their own homes). Applicants should have academic or professional training and experience with children—though not necessarily in the field of mental deficiency. They should, in addition, be able to make some specific contribution to the course, i.e., by lecturing in some appropriate subject. Salary according to qualification and experience. Optional superannuation. Applications, with full particulars and two testimonials, to the General Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

KING Alfred School, North End Road, NW11. Independent Day School (founded 1898, recognised 1928). Headmaster: B. H. Montgomery, MA (Oxon). The Governing Body invites applications for the early appointment of a woman deputy-head, with a view to co-headship later. Candidates should be experienced teachers of good academic qualifications and understand the work of a co-educational school of 280 boys and girls (ages 5 to 18) which has high standards of achievement in varied fields. Detailed applications, stating teaching subjects offered, with recent testimonials and the names of two persons of standing to whom reference should be made, must reach the Secretary before 10 Nov.

CO-OPERATIVE Union Ltd. Education Department. Applications are invited for appointment as Sectional Education Officer in the South-Western Section, with headquarters in Exeter. The Sectional Education Officer will be responsible within the Section for development of Co-operative Education, including member and technical education and the Co-operative Youth Movement. Salary in the scale £719 × £26 5s. to £877. Commencing salary fixed according to qualifications and experience. Co-operative qualifications and experience will be given due weight. Application forms and further details from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Ltd, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics., to whom applications should be returned not later than 29 October 1958.

THERE is a vacancy for a Research Assistant in the Research Department of the Labour Party to specialise in the fields of social security, health and local government matters. Knowledge of one or more of these subects as well as a University degree would be an advantage. Salary, depending on experience, £635-£850 per annum. Application form, obtainable from the Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, SW1, to be returned by 1 November.

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District. Applications are invited for the post of organiser for the industrial and mining area of Nottinghamshire. University degree not essential. Salary scale £600 × £25 × £800. Starting salary may be higher than minimum according to experience and qualifications. Particulars from: J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare St, Nottingham.

CHICHESTER Constituency Labour Party require Membership Officer. Experience of canvassing an advantage. Clerical rates of pay according to age and experience. Application forms to be returned by 31 October, available from the Secretary Agent, 11 St. John's Street, Chichester.

COMMONWEALTH Assistant: Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in the Commonwealth Department of the Labour Party. Some knowledge of Commonwealth and Colonial affairs and research experience desirable. Salary £635—£690. Application forms, which are obtainable from Mr. Morgan Phillips, Secretary of the Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1, should be returned, together with specimens of written work, not later than 31 October 1958.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind. Interesting and worth while resident appointments vacant for Housemothers/Nursery Nurses, to work with blind children under 9 in schools at Wellington (Shropshire), Abbotskerswell (Devon) and Brierley Hill (Staffs). Candidates should have had useful training or experience with children (not necessarily handicapped). Salary scale according to experience. Superannuation scheme. Enquiries to Education Officer, 204 Great Portland St., London, W1.

FOOD Reform Restaurant has permanent position for woman with good taste, interest in people, knowledge plain cooking & waiting. 46-hour week. £9 commencing. Flat if required. Box 3697.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HOSPITAL Management Committee—Monyhull. Psychologist required at Mental Deficiency Hospital. National Health Service Salary and Conditions. Apply for particulars to the Medical Superintendent, Monyhull Hall Hospital, Birmingham, 14.

LONDON County Council. Education Officer's Department. Experienced social workers, designated assistant organisers of children's care work, required to recruit, train, and advise voluntary workers forming care committees attached to London Schools. Opportunities for wide and varied work dealing with school children in their family relationships. Social science qualifications and/or experience of family case work desirable. Salary £592 10s. × £37 10s.—£742 10s. × £35—£777 10s. × £15—£792 10s. Commencing rate according to qualifications and experience. The posts are temporary in the first instance but normally lead to permanent appointment later. Application forms with full details, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/C), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 31 October 1958.

JUNIOR Administrator (man) required by the Religious Drama Society of Great Britain. Some knowledge of accounts; experienced in office management and interested in Christian aspects of the theatre. Full particulars, apply: National Secretary, 166 Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2.

CLERICAL Officer (female) required by Medical Research Council for Rheumatism Research Unit, Canadian Red Cross Memorial Hospital, Taplow, Maidenhead, Berks. Shorthand typing essential, knowledge of medical or scientific terminology advantage. Salary on scale £374 rising to £600 under equal pay arrangements. Write (full details and 2 refs) to Hospital Sec.

TUTOR in Youth Work. Religious Drama Society of Great Britain requires a tutor for the training of Youth Leaders in drama connected with the Christian faith. Dramatic qualifications essential. Based on London but travelling involved. Full particulars, apply: National Secretary, 166 Shaftesbury Ave, WC2.

FRENSHAM Heights, Rowledge, Farnham, Surrey. (Co-educational boarding school.) Assistant matron required, January 1959, in Boys' House (11-14). Training unnecessary but some experience an advantage. Apply Headmaster with testimonials and references.

DO you have prospects of earning £2,500 next year? Are you planning one month's extended Continental holiday? Is this what you want? Hard work and self-reliance will earn this in the field of Direct Selling of accredited educational publications to American service families in Europe. No previous experience necessary as full training given in field. Write giving full details of previous successes to Box 3542.

PRIVATE secretary (woman) required. A proper knowledge of the multifarious duties of a secretary are the principal requisites of this appointment. Those whose knowledge is confined to typing, shorthand, stenography or other limited pursuits please do not apply. The job is rather lonely. Write Box 3686.

VOCATION for Industrial Peace. Secretary Shorthand/Typist required for Secretary of Printing Trades Alliance, registered Trade Union of employers and employees, pledged to Industrial Peace. Confidential job with scope to develop this Union, founded in 1918. Fortnightly evening Committee to record and prepare Minutes, and occasional other evening meetings. Normal hours 9.30 to 5.30 (5 day). Apply by letter to Secretary, PTA, Alliance House, 50/51 Fetter Lane, EC4, stating salary required, and experience.

ANTIQUE Dealer, Mayfair, requires Secretary, English and German correspondence. Some knowledge French desirable. 5-day week. Box 3687.

PART-time reception-t/typist to interview foreign students. Afternoons. Telephone MUSeum 4574 for interview.

SECRETARY, 22-25, for education section in international secretariat. Salary from £10 plus l.v.'s. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

MANAGING Director of leading authors' agency requires by November, girl, preferably under 21, to train as secretary-assistant. First class speeds essential. Write with details and salary required to Box 3739.

LABOUR MP wants part-time private secretary willing to work Westminster and Hampstead. Box 3816.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

VERSATILE, energetic, 45, sks lively responsible post. Expd Social Work and books. Consid. any worthwhile task. Box 3673.

LADY with fluent English, Russian, French requires situation. Box 3768.

SINGLE man (25), M.Sc.(Physics), seeks unusual post. Anything interesting considered. Box 3625.

DISCRIMINATING Employers seeking office staff of either sex are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

SCOTTISH widow, educ., intelligent, adaptable, with nursing, clerical and housekeeping experience, seeks post that offers accom. to two schoolchildren. Box 3700.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 544

TWO-day Open Conference, 31 Portman Square, W1. Fri. 17 Oct., 7 p.m.: Discussion: Employment of Mothers; Sat. 18 Oct., 2.30 p.m., Prostitution, Discussion with Sir John Wolfenden; Sat. 18 Oct., 7 p.m., Economic Half-and-Half' in Marriage, Discussion Foreign Laws c/o Bill coming before Parliament. Each session 3s. 6d. at door. Refreshments available, extra.

BRITAIN in Europe: Fabian Wknd School, The Hallams, Guildford. 7-9 Nov. Alastir Buchan, Jacques Champagne, Denis Healey, James Meade. Dets 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

CHALLENGE of Change: Art, Atom, Automation, Countryside, European Community, New Nations, Schools, Travel: 3-7 November. Residential course in the Somerset Education Committee's College for Adult Education. Fee £7 7s. Details: the Warden, Dillington House, Ilminster, Som.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs Chanda, HAM. 7322.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & eveng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH, German, Spanish, Italian – direct method. Reduced fees for long courses. St Giles' School of Languages, 64/66 Oxford Street, W1. MUSeum 4574.

RUSSIAN lessons given by Leningrad Univ. grad. E. R., 31 Mowbray Rd NW6.

FRENCH. Private lessons by French lady, experienced teacher GCE, conversation, in Blackheath. GRE. 3477.

FRENCH. Conversation Courses for Beginners. Discussion Groups. Private Lessons. Correspondence Courses. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. TRA. 2044.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. in 1887, prepares students by post for General Certificate of Education (all Levels) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others, London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc (Econ), LLB). Teachers' Diplomas, Law, Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TOUCH-Typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Peggy Sutton, FLAxman 7967.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

LESCHETIZKY School of Pianoforte Playing (In memory of Mabel Lander). Patron: Sir Malcolm Sargent. 66 Parkhill Rd, NW3. GUL. 3379.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Lechetizky Method. Tanya Polunin. LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar': Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

ELIZABETH Luce School of Dance, Roehampton Hall, SW15. Classical Ballet & Nat. Dancing. Children & Adults. Prosp. 25 Couchmore Av., Esher, Sy. Emberbrook 3854.

MOVEMENT Group Adults, Creative Dance Children; apply prospectus: Lilian Harmel Studio, 37 Fernicroft Ave, NW3.

PERSONAL

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Why not take a Home Study course in general Commercial Art, including anatomy, layout, poster and illustration with the FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS? We will train you for a well-paid spare-time occupation in Commercial Art. Write for FREE talent test and opinion of your ability to
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GOOD home awaits middle-aged woman in return for full domestic duties. Small wage. Three in family. London. Box 3732.

INTERESTING French lessons for yng student, girl prefd. Comf. mod. accom., gd care, reas. price. Many English refs. Apply Mdlle Vincent, 69 rue de la Pompe, Paris 16.

PORTRAITS drawn from life or photos by ex-Slade student. 3 gns. Box 3529.

PROFESSIONAL author, honours graduate, can now take further bibliographical work/other literary assistance. Box 3580.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon: 7 Nov. week-end: 'Garfield-Howe Guitar Group' (all grades) & 'Beyond Materialism'; Nov. 3-10 'Readings from A. N. Whitehead.'

PERSONAL—continued

COACHING wanted in advanced Chemistry, North London. Box 3544.

SCHOOLMISTRESS, retiring Christmas, seeks interesting or unusual part-time occupation. Active, conscientious, excellent health, possesses initiative. Box 3550.

EX-BANK official, some capital, would be interested in sound project, business, in cultural field. Box 3575.

VIENNESE lady, middle-aged, seeks similar to share interests. Box 3600.

PIED-à-terre London NW3, offered prof. person in town during week. Room in cultured surroundings. Bkfst. Ring PRI. 0413.

PROVENCE – Englishman offered free transport & hospitality during December in exchange help completing French book on English way of life. Box 3736.

PIED-à-terre offered gentleman in Hampstead flat. 50s. p.w. Box 3746.

ENGLISH bachelor seeks similar French, able give intensive language tuition. Box 3592.

ROME. Can anyone recommend b. & b., poss. one meal – Central – for couple spkg Italian & enjoying Ital. food? Box 3579.

ITALIAN student gives tuition Italian/French conversation. London. Box 3709.

SOCIAL Club, St Bride Institute, Bride Lane, EC4; socials, rambles, dancing, whist drives. Write Hon. Sec. for details.

BELSIZE Park bachelor, small flat, would like to hear of similar men and women aged 25-35 interested in discussing art and ideas over coffee. No cranks. Box 3604.

IN process of formation: Flotsam & Jetsam Club for independent tweenagers (35-65), Bloomsbury. Write Box 3714.

CHELSEA School of Art. Former students of Mr H. S. Williamson, who wish to participate in a presentation on his retirement, are asked to write in the first instance to Box 3716.

RIVIERA Village near Vence. To let furn. house and flat, mod. conf., for short or long periods. State number of persons & dates. Box 3511.

CHINESE exquisite hand embroidered pillow cases. White 20×30in. Four for only 27s. Post 1s. 6d. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd (Dept 18), 1/3 Stoke Newington Rd, London, N16.

EARN Money Songwriting! Interesting free book tells how. Send 2d. stamp to: Linton School of Songwriting, Desk N., 20, Denmark Street, London, WC2.

MORTGAGES 1st & 2nd promptly granted. Lloydgam Ltd, 32 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1. Tel. GER. 2144.

MSS edited, typed, etc. Geoffrey Goodwin, Hedgehog House, Pant, Oswestry, Salop.

USA. We arrange domestic & Au Pair posts 1 year minimum. Personal interview preferred. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

VISAPHONE. The new word-sound-picture method of learning languages. Free trial offer, no deposit. Home demonstrations in London and other areas. Full details: Visaphone Co., 10 Bayley St, WC1. MUS. 7223.

RUSSIAN lessons mainly conversational required. Native teacher. Box 3612.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

CAMERA repairs for amateurs and professionals. Also good selection of s/h equipment. Camera Advice Centre, 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd, W8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar SLO. 9595.

TV urgently needs scripts! Our Correspondence Course can teach you to earn big money this year. Personal coaching by top TV scriptwriters. Prospectus from Dept. 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley Street, London, W1.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

CULTURED accent, correct speech acquired after a few private lessons. RIV. 7974.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept, N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

FREE interesting list and 'Family Planning' Guide. Durex; Rendells; tonics and surgical goods. Sample 2s. 6d. sent under plain wrapper. CMS, 3 Lower Priory, Birmingham 4.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores Ltd, 12 Marriotts Court, Manchester 2, for our price list of our Surgical goods, etc.

PERSONAL—continued

WAFRICAN amateur actor reqd urgently for current production. Tel: PUT. 6538.

HAPFELD 6ft Grand Piano for sale £75. Gd condn. Apply Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Pl., WC1. EUS. 1816.

LET me trace your ancestry. Genealogical research. All kinds. Box 3674.

WHEN is a wine like a melody? When it's El Cid Sherry. That's the superb Amontillado that has all the flavour of slow old Spanish tunes. It pleases the palate as music pleases the ear.

SUCH diverse personalities as Doris Lessing, Pamela Frankau and Eric Ambler have been photographed by Mark Gerson. Have you? Price list on request, 61 Seymour St, W1. PAD. 2708.

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SHOULD incurable sufferers have the right to merciful release? Write Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48A Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

YOUR Writing success begins with 'Know-How'. Free year's subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for Writers. You can, also, win one of Two Hundred Prizes in fascinating Competition. Send for Free N3, 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. No Sales – No Fees tuition. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond St, London, W1.

SOCIOLOGY, psychology, discussion, dancing, music, play-reading, writing, rambling – are you interested? Write Sec. (B), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

DEANER Printers, Ltd, for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets & all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd, E2. SHOreditch 3889/6040.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for free 24-page booklet, which describes the openings for new writers . . . reveals that you can make extra income by writing, wherever you live . . . shows that RI students have sold work to over 1,750 publications – a record without parallel – and that many earn while learning. Regent Institute (Dept F/191) Palace Gate, London, W8.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably 'au pair'. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 14a Walt on Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

BOOK Eric Walker Film Projection for meetings. ARC. 7200. 154 Corbyn St, N4.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Course & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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SPEAK Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Tel. Setogni, WEL. 7411/2, for details.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long-short periods available. Educatour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

SAVE £££'s with Boone – the easiest way to stop smoking! Trial and Guarantee. Free booklet from Dept. J6, Natural Health Co., 23 White Hart Lane, London, SW13.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

CONTINENT. Au pair posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BED-sitting room, kitchen, bath, c.h., c.h.w. Swiss Cottage. Tel. PRI. 7407.

SCHREIBER'S Continental Guesthouse, 26 Blenheim Gardens, NW2 (nr tube). Dble/sgle, suit students/bus. people. GLA. 5622.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FURN. flatlet to let, sep. kit., h. & c., gas cooker. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

COMF. furn. flatlet; lrg. sunny sittingrm., 2 divans, kit./din. room, bathrm., etc. Quiet hse, close bus stop. Asian visitors welc. GLA. 5035 before 11 a.m., after 6 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD. Dble. bed-sit., completely equipped, gas fire, ckr., tel., use gdn. Colour unimportant. 52s. 6d. HOL. 6237.

OXFORD Circus: partly furn. room, completely detached, with writing-desk, elec. fire, oven and sink. Share telephone and bath with another lady. £2 7s. 6d. weekly. Bargain. Box 3745.

2-Room unfurn. flat, own tel., low rent, shares in ownership co-op. house. Single man pref. PRI. 6516.

FURN. s/c. flat, 2 rms, k/din., bath, newly dec. Georgian house overlkg Greenwich Pk, trains 14 min. Charing X. Box 3752.

KENSINGTON. 2 attract. large sgle bed-sits. Quiet. Constant h. & c. Own cooking facilities for each. FLA. 7552.

WOMAN writer offers lady bed-sit. room Cricklewood. 25s. weekly. Box 3750.

WTD man to share b/s. with post-grad. Meals. Golders Grn. £4. GLA. 0733.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

S/C furnished flat NW area, newly decorated. Suit 3 ladies (£2 3s. each weekly). Phone evenings MAI. 0527.

TWO-rm furn. flat for one person. 2½ gns, with some sitting-in. MOU. 4089.

SMALL comfortable room W11, suitable girl away weekends or pied à terre. Use garden, k., b., tel. 2 gns. Box 3650.

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LARGE B/s. Share kit., bath. Own tel. £3 p.w. Gent only. LAD. 1458 after 7 p.m.

BACHELOR 24 yrs man under 30 to share N. London flat. £2 wkly. Box 3761.

EALING. Large comfortable bed-sitting room. Use phone, kitchen or meals by arrangement. Garage space. 3 gns. ALP. 2408.

STREATHAM: Furn. flats. Also lge house for long let. Best locality. Box 3780.

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KENSINGTON. Sunny b/s. mod. court. Ch., c.h.w., own bas., use k. WES. 2267.

3-rmd centrally-heated flat, newly dec. Phone shortly. Share bath, £4 10s. 153 Upper Brockley Rd, SE4.

LARGE bedsit., priv. residence. Use lge kit., phone, garden. Central, with service and etcs., £3 3s. Box 3787.

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ROOM vacant for someone in 20s sharing facilities of house with young people. WIL. 3702.

SWISS Cottage. Flatlet, lge room 2 divans, bed-lin., bathrm shared, kit. & tel., elec. light. Refs. 5 gns. Box 3801.

PROFESSIONAL family offer bed-sitting room with food to student or similar, 4½ gns. Off Fortis Green, N10. Box 3800.

KENSINGTON, single sunny bedroom, linen provided, share bathroom, 45s. Suitable student. WES. 0858.

GOLDERS Grn. Spacious well-furn. 2-rm flat. Bus/prof. couple. 5 gns. SPE. 7071.

THE Bothy, Upper Boddington, Northamptonshire, within reach of Stratford, Oxford, London-Birmingham motorway. Attractive newly reconstructed and redecorated clapboard cottage. Modern kitchen equipment, sitting room (parquet floor) with dining recess, 3 bedrooms, bath; garden, etc. £225 a year (and rates). Box 3552.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

PROFESSIONAL woman reqs quiet, pleasant accom. Reasonable rent. Box 3583.

NW3. Unfurn. flat/room, ckg. facs., bath, wanted by Civil Servant (f.). Box 3617.

2 Nigerian postgrads req. flat SW/nr centre. Renner, 20 Westbury Rd., N12.

HIGHLY-desirable tenant, bachelor, schoolmaster, wants quiet unfurn. flat Richmond or West London. Box 3760.

JOURNALIST 26 wants flat willing to share, nr Fleet St. or Central. Box 3611.

GRADUATE grass-widower (27) reqs accom. convenient W. End. Box 3754.

WELL-known concert pianist urgently seeks London flat with 3 or 4 large rooms where playing is allowed. Box 3737.

PROPERTY TO LET

FURN. well-modernised cottage, plate, linen. Sheltered garden. 2 miles inland from sea & SR station, on bus route. 3½ gns. Piano, tel. etc. PRI. 4823 or write Box 3545.

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BARGAIN 2 Cotts. Fhd. £590 unspoiled vil. Essex-Herts border (3 m. main Ldn. to Camb.) Brick tile. 4 rms. each. El. & main tap. Keys only Holland of Arkesden then phone CHA. 7000.

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FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and Girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & Sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

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COVENT GARDEN

THE ROYAL BALLET

Season opens 27 Oct.

Rep. incl.: Ondine, Lady and the Fool, Agon, Firebird, Noctambules, Rinaldo and Armida, Mam'zelle Angot, Giselle, Lac des Cygnes.

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Season opens 31 Oct.

Rep. incl.: Boris Godunov (in Russian, new prodn), Bartered Bride, Samson (new prodn), Aida (in Italian), Rosenkavalier.

Prog. available. Box Office now open. COV. 1066.

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GRAND OPERA

20-25 October

Mon	Madame Butterfly
Tue.	The Bartered Bride
Wed.	Madame Butterfly
Thu.	The Barber of Seville
Fri.	Don Giovanni
Sat (Mat.)	The Bartered Bride
Sat. (Evg)	Cav. and Pag.

Evenings 7.0 Sat. Mat. 2.30

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OPERA SEASON
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The Flying Dutchman. Rep. incl.: Merry Widow, Samson and Delilah, Falstaff, Il Seraglio.

Evenings 7.30.
Programme available. Now booking.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu/Fri. 8, Sat & Sun. 5 & 8. 'Garden District.' Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-stop Intimate Revue 2-yr fr. 2.30, Sun. 4, 8th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems. tkt & free mag.

PRINCES. Tem. 6596. Polish Mime Co. Direct Wroclaw. 'Unique', 'Fantastic'. Tonight 7.30. Subs. Evs. 7.30. Sat. 5.15 & 8.30.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Lst wk 7.30. S. 5 & 8.15. W. 2.30. 'Live Like Pigs', Com. 28 Oct., Samuel Beckett's 'End-Game'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Evs. 8. Sat. 5 & 8. Brendan Behan's 'The Hostage'.

TOWER. 7.30, 17; 18 Oct. 'Romanoff & Juliet.' 24, 25 (Mems 26), 30, 31 Oct., 1 Nov. 'Lower Depths'. CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Tripe & Onions', Music Hall. Fri-Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

JAMES Macgillivray & Joan Rimmer. Woodwind from Stone Age to Atom Age. Primitive, classical & modern woodwind including solos on ancient, 18th century & modern instruments. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Sat. 25 Oct., 8.15. WAT. 3191.

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23 – Free Concerts Wednesday evenings at 7.45 p.m.: 22 October: West Indian Music and Dances. 29 October: Music of the Tudors and Stuarts played on Instruments of the Period. The Carl Dolmetsch Quartet, directed by Carl Dolmetsch, CBE. 5 November: Indian Dances by Vasanti Asirvatham Selver: Interspersed with films on music and dancing in India. 12 November: The History of the Military Band by students of the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall. Conductor: Mr R. Bashford, ARCM, PSM, School Bandmaster and Assistant to the Chief Instructor. 19 November: Rumanian, Bulgarian and British Folk Songs by Esther Salaman (mezzo-soprano) accompanied by Paul Hamburger. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light Refreshments avail. 7-7.40 p.m.

PROKOFIEV Piano Sonatas: two illustrated talks by Mr Frank Merrick, FRCM. Fri. 24 and 31 Oct., 7.30 p.m. Tape recording recital. Sunday 9 Nov., 7 p.m. At SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. 2s.

PIANO Recital by Ernest Kynaston at Wimbledon Town Hall, Thurs. 6 Nov. 7.30. Brahms, Chopin, Schumann. Tkts Maxwells, Hill Rd, Wimbledon 3s. 6d. & 5s. WIM. 4276.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Sun. & Mon. 20 Oct). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. Wk c. 19 Oct. 7 days, James Dean, Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, in 'Giant', Warnercolor (A).

LEWISHAM Film Soc. Rav. 2461. Town Hall, Catford. Thurs. 23 October, 7.45. 'The Imposter' (Japan). Guests 3s.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 19 Oct: 'Sawdust and Tinsel' (X). From 20 Oct: 'Smiles of a Summer Night' (X).

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Art Films Sundays 2.30 and 3.45. 19 October: English Country Churches: Stained Glass at Fairford. 26 October: Stanley Spencer 1. Cookham Village; Stanley Spencer 2. War and Peace.

WINTER Sports Film Show & Cocktail Party, Thursday, 30 October, 6.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, London, SW1. Entrance to Film Show Free; Party including buffet: 8s. 6d. Tickets and full details from Erna Low, 47 NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KENsington 0911/8881.

ICA. 17 Dover Street, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today Saturday 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their Guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED new publication Boudin: The Beach at Tourgeville from The National Gallery, £3 plus tax 8s. 7d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

BARNETT Freedman and John Minton. Two exhibitions of paintings, drawings and graphic art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 12 November. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Adm. 1s. (admits to both exhibitions).

AN Exhibition of Glass and Earthenware by Timo Sarpaneva and Kaj Franck of Finland and Paolo Venini of Italy, 20 October to 1 November, Lower Ground Floor, Woollands of Knightsbridge, SW1.

SUMMERHILL School Society: Exhibition and sale of contemporary Japanese Art from Thursday 23 Oct.-Sunday, 9 Nov. Proceeds will go to the School funds. Show will be opened by Professor Shimoda from Japan who will give a short lecture at 8 p.m. on Thur. 23 Oct. Times thereafter, 10 a.m.-6.30 p.m. including Sats & Suns at The Angel Theatre, 18 Chepstow Villas, W11. BAY. 6700. Admission free.

GERMAN Graphic Art & Sculpture; RBA Galleries, Pall Mall East, SW1: 10-5 (not Suns). Adm. 1s. 6d.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Moshetamir, Fontene and Fidler. Till 1 November, daily 10-6; Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. Recent Paintings by L. S. Lowry. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Edward Ardizzone, Humphrey Spender, Henry Trivick – 3 Exhibitions, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Till 22 Oct.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Language of the Wall: Parisian graffiti photographed by Brassai. Until 1 November. Admission 1s. Members free. Weekdays 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Library: Alechinsky Choses sur papier. Until 1 November.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. 20th century Drawings, Collages, Watercolours, Aleksander Zyw. Paintings. Until 7 Nov. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

'BRITISH Films and Directors,' presented by the British Film Institute—adjacent to the National Film Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo. 11 a.m.-9 p.m., Sunday 2-9 p.m. Until 26 Oct.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. Paintings by Evelyn Williams. Space Compositions by Kamil Khan Mumtez. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. 13-25 Oct.

ST George's Gallery. The 'Sea Suite' by Allin Braund, 8 magnificent colour lithographs. 7 Cork Street, W1. REGent 3660 weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

GALLERY One (GER. 3529). Christoforou New paintings. Oct.-Nov.

THE Waddington Galleries: Trevor Bell Paintings daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Women's International Art Club Annual Exhibition. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

PASTERNAK – a selection of the works of Leonid Pasternak illustrating 'The Russian Scene' will be shown in the Pushkin Club, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11, until 1 Nov. Weekdays 12 noon – 6 p.m. Suns, 3-6 p.m.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue. V. C. Isenthal. 5 Oct.-2 Nov.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Richard Eurich, RA; Frank Avray Wilson & Derek Middleton. Lithographs by Utrillo. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes 24 Oct.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB.

Opening Meeting: STUART HALL & RALPH SAMUEL: 'RACE, CLASS, YOUTH'. THE MARQUEE, next to Academy Cinema, Oxford St, W1. Mon. 20 Oct. 7.30. 2s. Mems 1s.

ABORTION Law Reform Association. Public Meeting – 'The New Medical Abortion Bill'. Speakers: Glanville Williams, LL.D, Mrs Lena Jeger, MP, Miss D. M. Kerslake and others. Wed. 22 Oct. at Caxton Hall, Westminster, SW1, at 7.15 p.m. Chairman: Dr Eustace Chesser. Adm. free.

MALCOLM Muggeridge on 'Politics and the Press', Fabian Autumn Lecture, Caxton Hall, Wed. 22 Oct. 7.15. Adm. 2s. 6d.

LONDON Schools Left Club, 24 Oct., 5.45, Michael Tippett, 'The Artist in the Contemporary World'. 7 Carlisle St, W1. Entrance 9d., members free. (School students only.) Bring all your friends!

MARRIED Women's Assoc., 20 Buckingham St., WC1. A meeting on the 'Equal Partnership in Marriage Bill' at the 'Allied Circle', 44 Green St., Nr. Marble Arch. Mon. 20 Oct., 7.30 p.m. Speaker: Roxane Arnold, LLB. Adm. free.

GENERAL Zionist Organisation of Great Britain. Thursday Social Evenings of the Political and Economic Circle. Thursday, 23 October, 1958. Guest Speaker: Miss S. R. Burstein, President of the Folklore Society and well-known Gerontologist, on 'Old Age in the Family'. Please note: All Thursday Social Evenings start at 8 p.m. at Café Montmartre, 225 Finchley Road, NW3 (1 min. Finchley Rd., Met.). Refreshments: 2s. 6d. Hon. Sec., Mrs H. H. Allen, SPE. 3328.

SOVIET Law: 2 lectures at SCR, 14 Kensington Square, W8: Thurs. 30 Oct: 'Soviet Criminal Law & Criminal Procedure', by Dr B. S. Nikiforov (USSR Academy of Sciences): Thurs. 20 Nov.: 'The Rights of the Citizen in Soviet Law', by B. S. Krylov (Moscow University). Begin 7.30 p.m. Adm. 2s.

DENIS Healey speaking at Paddington Town Hall, United Nations Day, Friday, 24 Oct., 8 p.m. Paddington UN Association.

POETRY Reading, Hampstead Town Hall, 21 October, 8 p.m. Kathleen Nott, Dannie Abse, Tom Blackburn, J. C. Hall, Margaret Willy. Admission free.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on Polanyi's 'Personal Knowledge', Wed., 22 Oct., at 20 Buckingham St, WC2, 7.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 2 Grosvenor Place, SW1, 25 October at 6 p.m. M. R. Lacour-Gayet: Trois femmes qui furent imperatrices: Josephine, Marie-Louise, Eugenie.

'CHILDHOOD.' Readings and discussion. Ben Uri Literary Circle, Sun. 19 Oct., 8 p.m., 14 Portman St, W1.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St W8, Sun., 19 October, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. M. L. Burnet: 'Is World Government Necessary?'

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture, Sunday 19 October, 8 p.m. 'Nature, Enemy or Ally?'

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 21 Oct. John W. Leslie. 'Are We Serious?'

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture, Wed. 22 Oct., 6.30 sharp: 'Approaching the Goal', Christmas Humphreys. Also Saturday Group, 25 Oct., 3 p.m. (readings, discussion and tea – open to all). Read 'The Middle Way' for Buddhist news and views, 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Information TAT. 1313.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Jazz. Ellington: Analysis by Vic Belleeby. Forum: Morgan, Fox, Hoxricks, Gammond. Monday 20 October, 8 p.m.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Lawrence Alloway: Monster Engineering. An examination of the uses of monsters in the mass media. Technically-slanted science fiction has what would be called an ergonomic approach (monster engineering) but there is also, as the teenage movies show, another approach which conserves highly traditional monster features. Are horror films for 'sick' people? Chairman to be announced. Tuesday 21 October, 8.15 p.m. Mems 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Rupert Crawshay Williams: Semantics and General Semantics. Chairman: Margharita Laski. Alfred Korzybski's Science and Sanity: an introduction to Non-Aristotelian Systems and General Semantics. 1933. Thursday 23 October, 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

ENTERTAINMENT Arts Socialist Assn. Public Mtg. 'A Socialist Plan for the Entertainment Arts?' Chair: Stephen Swingler, MP. Speakers include Benn Levy, George Elvin, Roger Snowdon & ors. 7.30, Sun., 26 Oct., 'Cranbourne', 1 St Martin's Lane. Mems 1s., non-mems 2s.

'POSTSCRIPT to the Gospels.' Lectures, Thursdays, 6.15 p.m. by Rev. Roderic Dunkerley BA, BD, PhD, also Orchestra starting Tues. 28 Oct. 7 p.m Conductor Edgar Hunt, FTCL, LRAM. Details from the Registrar, Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Tel. EUSton 1816.

BRITISH Peace Committee. Eve of Parliament Re-assembly. Peace Rally, St Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd., NW1, Wednesday, 22 Oct., 7.30 p.m.

RICHARD Church on 'The Habit of Reading', Church House, Great Smith Street, Westminster – Church House, Great Smith Street, Westminster – Friday, 17 October, at 7.30 p.m. Admission at door 2s. 6d. Middlesex County Teachers' Assn, National Union of Teachers.

THE Great Experiment in American Literature.' Second of 7 lectures on Tuesevgns, 6.30 p.m., presented by The Cultural Affairs Office, American Embassy, 41 Grosvenor Sq. Prof. Norman Jeffares (Univ. of Leeds) speaks on 'Whitman and the Barbaric Yawp', 21 October.

ENCORE invites you to discuss O'Neill's 'Long Day's Journey Into Night' with Wayland Young, Margaret Rawlings, Peter Wood, Donald Ogden Stewart, Joseph Losey, at 7.30 Wed. 22 October, Shaftesbury Hotel, WC2. Tickets 3s. 6d. Please come early.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 17 Oct., 8 p.m. Prof. Elizabeth Hill: 'Congress of Slavists, Moscow 1958'. Tues. 21 Oct., 8 p.m., Recital of Russian Music: Mme. Vera Ossipova accompanied by Ivor Newton. Fri. 24 Oct., 8 p.m. Anatole Goldberg: 'New Developments in Soviet Literature'.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Autumn Lectures Thursdays 7 p.m. 'Recognising Period Furniture', 23 October: Mahogany and Other Woods – E. T. Joy.

S. PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 11 a.m., Sun., 19 Oct. H. L. Beales, MA, 'Colonialism and Imperialism Today'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

NATURAL Health Society. 20 Oct. & 3rd Monday each month, Caxton Hall, SW1, 7.30. Details: 70B Coniston Rd, N10.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N10: Sun. 19 Oct., 5 p.m.: Talk by Mr E. C. Brown: 'Vedanta Society of San Francisco'. Thurs. 30 Oct., 7.30, Caxton Hall, SW1: Swami Ghanananda: Teachings Common to Six Systems of Indian Philosophy.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures by Professor Paul Veyret (Grenoble) and Professor Germaine Veyret (Grenoble) will be delivered at 5.30 p.m. on 24, 27 and 29 October at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Syllabus: (i) 'Modern Theories of the Structure of the Alps', by Professor Paul Veyret; (ii) 'Chamonix and the Mont Blanc Massif', by Professor Paul Veyret; (iii) 'A New Method of Population Study', by Professor Germaine Veyret. Admission free, without ticket.

GRODDECK: complete course by Oscar Kollerström, at Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1, on alternate Mondays, at 7.45 p.m. Mon. 20 Oct.: Therapy & its Field as Problems in language. Following lect.: The It & Freudian Theory.

'THE Next Ten Years of the NHS.' Weekend School, 7/9 November, Llandudno. Drs D. Murray, E. Bunbury, V. Freeman, T. Garland, L. Hilliard, H. Joules, Logan. Chair: Drs Brook, Hilliard. Details, Socialist Medical Association, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8 (WEStern 7770).

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on page 543

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